

SKIN

JUNE  
1956

25¢

ART AND MUSIC

# DIVER

Vol. 23 No. 6

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# The SKIN DIVER

P. O. Box 128  
Lynwood, California  
Telephone LOrain 7-1367

A Magazine Devoted to the Underwater World

Vol. V June, 1956 No. 6

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JIM AUXIER, Editor  
CHUCK BLAKESLEE, Adv. Mgr.-Assoc. Editor

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## JUNE COVER

At the northeastern end of Puerto Rico at Cayo Icacos aboard the schooner "Parisien." Does this picture give you vacation ideas? The area is noted for its clear water and spearfishing. The inset shows divers Martin Clapp and Jack Becker with Puerto Rican red snappers, better than thirty pounds each. Hamilton Wright Photos.

## S.P.A.A.U. MEETING UNDERWATER SPEARFISHING

June 5, 1956 — 7:30 P.M.

7600 Graham Avenue, Los Angeles 1, California  
(In Roosevelt Park, near Compton Ave. and Florence)

## CALIFORNIA COUNCIL OF SKIN DIVING CLUBS MEETING

Monday, June 11, 1956, 8 P.M. Compton Community Center  
123 No. Rose, Compton, Calif.

Water Pollution & Beach Access — Bring Legislative Proposals

## JAMBOREE WEEK

in Marathon, Florida

Sunday, July 22, 1956 — Florida AAU Underwater Spearfishing  
Championships

Wednesday, July 25, 1956 — Giant Open Contest

Sunday, July 29, 1956 — Professional Underwater Meet

See Details on Page 43

## Regional Skin Diving Councils and Associations

### FLORIDA SKIN DIVERS ASSOCIATION

Ed Miller, Publicity Director, P. O. Box 809, Tallahassee, Florida.  
Walter Lohman, President

### CALIFORNIA COUNCIL OF SKIN DIVING CLUBS

Homer Lockwood, President, P. O. Box 7163, Long Beach 7, California

### SAN DIEGO DIVERS COUNCIL

Mike Carnohan, 1015 Prospect, La Jolla, California

### CENTRAL CALIFORNIA SKIN DIVING COUNCIL

4101 Hillcrest Way, Sacramento 21, California. Robert B. Shaw, President

### NORTHEASTERN COUNCIL OF SKIN DIVING CLUBS

Don Robinson, President, P. O. Box 42, Shawheen Village, Massachusetts

### GREAT LAKES COUNCIL OF SKIN DIVING CLUBS

Dick Oglesby, 847 - 118th Street, Whiting, Indiana

### HAWAIIAN SKIN DIVING ASSOCIATION

Denny Heenan, Secretary, 230 Plantation Drive, Honolulu 18, Hawaii

### INTERNATIONAL UNDERWATER SPEARFISHING ASSOCIATION

Ralph N. Davis, Los Angeles County Museum, Exposition Park,  
Los Angeles 7, California

### GEORGIA STATE SKIN DIVERS ASSOCIATION

c/o Norwood Realty Co., Inc., 212 Forsyth Bldg., Atlanta, Georgia

### MICHIGAN SKIN DIVING COUNCIL

Beverly Shaft, Secretary, 13304 Park Grove, Detroit 5, Michigan

### NEW JERSEY COUNCIL OF SKIN DIVING CLUBS

Fred Beisel, Temp. Chairman. Central Branch YMCA, 125 Main Street,  
Orange, New Jersey

### WISCONSIN COUNCIL OF SKIN DIVING CLUBS

c/o Fred Roberts, 1523 West State Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

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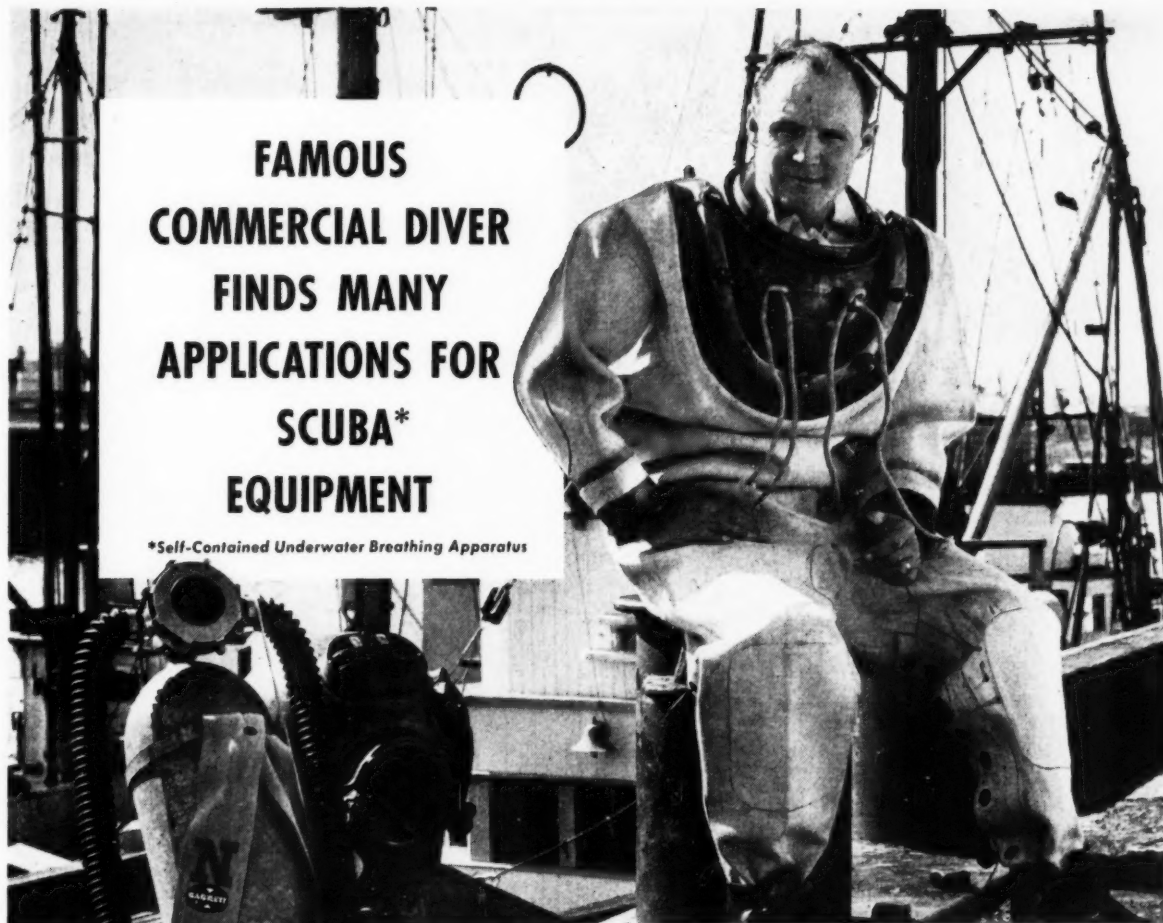
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# FAMOUS COMMERCIAL DIVER FINDS MANY APPLICATIONS FOR SCUBA\* EQUIPMENT

\*Self-Contained Underwater Breathing Apparatus



E. R. Cross, salvage expert and author of "Self-Contained Diving for Fun and Profit," a new home study course in diving, leaves soon on round-the-world diving expedition with 12 Scubas and 2 helmet rigs aboard.

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Canadian representative: The Garrett Manufacturing Corporation of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario

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## MAR-MAC INDUSTRIES

1453 REVERE AVENUE, HAYWARD, CALIFORNIA

6—JUNE—SKIN DIVER

## Letters

Dear Sir:

I have just read the letter by Zale Parry Bivens, and wish to add one more pat on the back to the many others she must have had by now. Zale has brought out into the open a subject long a sore spot to advocates of safety and those who want a true portrayal of facts, not that some people lie, but, lets just say that the truth is watered down pretty thin at times. I have many reasons for writing this letter, and one thing I want plainly understood, I have had the pleasure of meeting Zale Parry only once, at the recent Sporting Goods Dealers Ass'n. Show, (recent — February, 1955), this I mention only for the benefit of those sage skeptics who might be nodding to themselves, and saying, "either he is some old friend or he is seeking favor". I seek no favor of any kind from anyone, I am simply interested in seeing the truth about the subject.

I am not against anyone making or breaking records, in fact records are a criterion from which progress stems. I am, however, dead set against record making under circumstances which are far from planned and controlled from the safety of the diver and the divers authentication are concerned regards records.

I sincerely hope that this letter is read and correctly interpreted by all novice and amateur divers and would be divers, for the truth is simply this: mis-statements, deliberate or not, are absorbed by the readers and in reading, are taken literally for the truth. Let's give the readers nothing but the truth, and the end result will be most gratifying to us all.

George Satness,  
Satness Frogman Supplies,  
Chicago

Dear Sirs:

Re: Letter from Zale Parry Bivens to Mrs. Jacobs.

While reading your May issue, I came across a letter, which in my estimation could have been filed in No. 13. Is the ocean so small, that two women cannot get along, without one digging her hooks into the other? So somebody broke her record!!

I am an active diver (not the weekend variety) and I think that most people enjoy the companionship and fun that skin-diving and lunging entail without petty attitudes.

Mary Buenz,  
Pacific Grove, Calif.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Diving since 1942, in the waters of the Florida Keys, I have had two unforgettable encounters with sharks, which bear definite correlation to recent articles written about them.

First, in June of 1948, my friend hung his string of fish on a reef barrier in two

(Continued on Page 8)

# Healthways **FIRST IN WATER SPORTS!** **PECHE-SPORT**

**VULCANIZED FOAM RUBBER FROGMAN ISOTHERMIC SPORTS DIVING SUITS**  
Made in France—All Designs Patented and Registered

## PECHE-SPORT FROGMAN LONG SUIT

Includes full length pants with new exclusive suspender design, long shirt with long sleeves and helmet attached. Includes waistline sealing ring, detachable foam rubber boots and can of Healthways' Rubber Dust.

CAT. NO. 1701 - Small } retail  
CAT. NO. 1702 - Medium } \$84.95  
CAT. NO. 1703 - Large }  
CAT. NO. 1704 - X-Large }



PECHE-SPORT TAHITI

One piece short suit with exclusive Pêche-Sport patented wrap-around supporter apron and belt. Includes can of Healthways Rubber Dust. (Does not include helmet or boots).

CAT. NO. 1705 - Small } retail  
CAT. NO. 1706 - Medium } \$49.50  
CAT. NO. 1707 - Large }

## SIZE TABLE FOR PECHE-SPORT SUITS

**SMALL** — up to 5' 8" in height to approx. 160 lbs.  
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**X-LARGE** — 6' and taller in height to approx. 250 lbs.

PECHE-SPORT suits may be worn with or without long underwear or underclothing. Many persons find that wearing clothing underneath is desirable, especially where there is a great amount of physical activity, as it helps to protect the skin against the possibility of irritation under the arms, between the legs, etc.



DEALER AND JOBBER INQUIRIES SOLICITED

HEALTHWAYS Pêche-Sport Suits are made of extra thick, fine pore foam rubber vulcanized between two layers of tough smooth rubber skin which is unbelievably tear, snag and scuff resistant. The unusually tough material and the exceptionally fine construction and workmanship make this an outstanding buy! The Pêche-Sport will out-perform and outlast by far any other suit on the market. Pêche-Sport exclusive materials are the heaviest and best used in any vulcanized foam rubber suit now manufactured and are known the world over for their great resistance to exposure to water and sun.



This vulcanized foam rubber suit is known as an isothermic suit; the reason for this being that it operates under an isothermic principle in which the millions of tiny air cells, trapped in the foam rubber, help the body to retain its heat, by

acting as an insulating blanket to protect against the penetration of the temperature of the water which is usually far below that of the body. This isothermic principle makes possible the maintenance of comfortable body temperature and is not available in any other type rubber suit now made. Healthways' Pêche-Sport suit is not to be confused with the "wet" type suit which is made of porous type foam rubber which allows the body to become wet within a few minutes and which affords little protection against the cold. The "wet" type suit, as it is commonly known, will disappear from the market wherever the Pêche-Sport suit can be used since the Pêche-Sport suit combines all the features essential to maximum comfort in all water temperatures where a rubber suit can be worn at all.

Healthways Pêche-Sport is being used throughout the world in all climates and under the most exacting requirements. Its availability in the Western Hemisphere has already caused the greatest furor since rubber suits of any kind were first introduced.

Healthways Pêche-Sport vulcanized foam rubber suits are expertly designed to mold to the figure with pure natural gum rubber vulcanized to the foam rubber at the neck, wrists, waist and ankles... assuring a snug watertight fit. Pêche-Sport suits are so comfortable that they can be worn for many hours at a time. It is for this reason that they are used by the world's foremost diving teams, underwater demolition services of many governments, and leading research organizations. Should the material at any time be damaged or torn, it can easily be repaired with an ordinary rubber cold patch, or vulcanized. Available at your sporting goods dealers who feature the fabulous Healthways line of underwater sports equipment!

## PECHE-SPORT HELMET

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Two sizes:  
Medium and Large.

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**HEALTHWAYS... the world's most complete line of water sports and sports diving equipment!**



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\$375**



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- Dealers and Jobbers inquiries invited.

**LAKE Manufacturing Co.**

411 E. Kalamazoo Street  
Lansing, Michigan

## Letters

(Continued from Page 6)

feet of water. Lo and behold, a shark, of five to six feet long, actually tried to all but beach himself to devour those fish! My buddy, close by, grabbed his Key West grange and rushed him, piercing his back, but with a twist, the angry one broke the handle and rocketed off!

On the second skirmish, a pal of mine speared a hog snapper or hog fish who tipped about seven pounds. We were in fifteen feet of water, murky water, this time. My friend was swimming against a strong wind, as he headed for the boat with the fish trailing behind the spear in echelon fashion. I spotted a dark one in the water; it disappeared and then returned. He looked about eight feet long, and the size of his caudal fin, proved him to be a thresher shark!

I was armed with a CO/2 gun with a 2½ pound bottle mounted on it. Down the barrel was a 5 1/2 foot, 5/16" cold rolled spear with a welded bronze head. I released the line to the gun as the shark became restless.

I tightened the set screw on the shaft for more power!

As the voracious one wheeled by, I gave the trigger a healthy pull and buried all of 24 inches of spear into his stomach, at a slightly-upward angle. Mister Shark stopped and shuddered; then full speed ahead he scooted off for open water. We never saw him again. Funny thing, my pal never saw him, and only believed my story when I pointed to the gun with a missing spear!

C. E. Stedman, Jr.  
Coral Gables, Florida.

Dear Jim:

There have been quite a few divers write me in regard to the effectiveness of the .22 cal. Power Head on Jew Fish. After checking twelve fish taken with the .22 Power Head, we have found it a better killer than the .38 cal. Power Head.

When a large fish is hit with a .38 cal. Power Head, the dart is driven through the fish and it toggles on the outside of the fish. In most cases the diver shoots at the middle of the fish, hitting it through the stomach cavity. This means the fish has a small hole through his body, but is not hurt too badly, and will sometimes fight for hours.

As for the .22 Power Head, a fish hit in the same spot, the dart point will protrude from the far side but the first pull on the line will pull it back into the fish where it turns crosswise and tears its way back against the side it entered. This tearing action is what puts the fish out of commission in about an hour.

However, if the fish are hit near the tail, the results are the same with either Power Head.

Jack Prodanovich  
San Diego, Calif.

Dear Editor:

Would any female skin diving enthusiast, preferably 20 to 22 years of age, like to share her underwater diving experiences with a Turkish diver? I am looking forward to corresponding with a girl from America.

I have recently formed a club here in Istanbul, Turkey, consisting of five boys and four girls. Here in Istanbul, we wear a necklace made of shark's teeth for good luck.

Very soon, we shall make a trip to the Black Sea for bass fish. Then after we make a little money, we can plan the long journeys to Iskenderun, for shark.

Girls, address your letters to:

Erol Tamerman  
Pangalti Zafer Sok  
Peruze Apt. 19/21  
Daire 13,  
Istanbul, Turkey.

Dear Editor:

We wish to extend our heartfelt thanks to the members of the "Sea Angels", "Western Spearman", "Long Beach Neptunes", "Laguna Beach Diving Club", "Dolphins", and all of the other divers and clubs that participated in the search for the body of Lloyd Creswick, who was drowned near Laguna Beach.

The Creswick Family  
William F. Hogan

Dear Sir:

In the Lake Texoma area a growing number of skin divers are showing up on the scene and, whether fact or fancy, the "Daily Oklahoman", an Oklahoma City newspaper, had an article in its April 8 issue concerning theft of outboard motors by skin divers. Of course, this makes good reading in that from the depth of the lake thieves are ascending upon the unwary fishermen and boat fans are stealing their motors and disappearing below the lake to add another motor to their treasure trove. While it is not unlikely that a thief in skin diving apparatus would steal an outboard motor, it would certainly be a hard way to do it in my way of thinking. The carelessness of persons leaving their boats an easy prey for thieves, places the burden of responsibility primarily on the boat owner. Nobody leaves keys in their cars as an invitation to car thieves, and the easy picking that these people allow by leaving motors unlocked or unguarded, would certainly be ludicrous theft at a minimum of work and ease of detection. However, the publicity makes it appear that skin divers in this area are all potential thieves, overlooking the good service that has been offered in rescue and police operations. Adverse publicity of this kind cannot but hurt the very fine sport.

I thought you would like to have this piece of news for inclusion in your magazine. I wish you success in your efforts to further the sport.

Hank's Gun Shop  
H. B. LeBourgeois  
McAlester, Okla.

# Healthways

## FIRST IN WATER SPORTS!

the **'BIG GUN'** in underwater sports!  
—with the most honored guns in the world!

HEALTHWAYS leads the field with the finest, most complete line of underwater spear-fishing guns and hand sling spear guns in the world! ... from the basic Hawaiian Sling Spear to the all-powerful Cressi Spring Gun! Striving to improve existing models and perfect new designs—Healthways introduces the sensational new Sea Gig, Sea Spear and Sea Lance flexible fibreglass pole spears (that for the first time give spear fishermen all the added thrills of rod fishing)—the amazing new thermoplastic Cressi Mignon—the revolutionary new Espadon Peche-Sport Arbaletes!

Proof positive that Healthways is indeed the "Big Gun" in the underwater sports world was given when Peche-Sport Espadon Arbaletes won first and second place, Peche-Sport Arbaletes third place, in the 1955 Skin Diving Championships of France—when the Cressi Cernia, Saetta and Torpedine won first, second and third places in the 1955 Skin Diving Championships of Italy—when Healthways Cressi and Espadon guns swept the field, winning all team honors and all prizes in Majorca, Spain, in the 1955 International Skin Diving Championships: First place, Cressi-Cernia; second place, Peche-Sport Espadon; third place, Cressi Saetta!

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(Pat. pending)

**SPEAR GUN**

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Here's a spear gun whose accuracy and handling ease will delight you...whose simplicity assures dependability every time...and whose low price will make you want to buy at once! It's safer, too. No trigger to cause accidental discharge.

New non-slip finger grips and fin on the molded fiberglass gun assure you of a firm grip, help you aim easier and shoot with more power.

Rubber bands can be replaced quickly and easily, if need be. Tiger Shark is the most practical spear gun ever offered. See your dealer, or write to

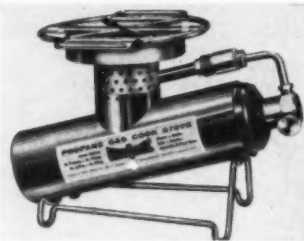


**PRODUCTS, INC.**

740 S.W. 8th Street  
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*Manufacturers of Quality  
Skin Diving Equipment*

## NEW PRODUCTS



**Bernz-O-Matic**—Single burner portable stove features easy operation and faster cooking. The stove operates on propane gas from cylinders which are discarded. Each cylinder provides a week of normal cooking, the cylinders are \$1.95. The stove eliminates all pumping, priming, sooting, or filling with liquid fuels. It weighs five pounds and sells for \$9.95, complete with cylinder. Marketed by Otto Bernz Co., Inc., Rochester, New York.



**"Barakuda Universal"**—A new popular priced rubber underwater camera is being manufactured by Barakuda of Hamburg, Germany. The outstanding features of housing are its reliability and simplicity in handling. It can be used for almost all miniature cameras. It features a gun sight sportsfinder with large frame window. It is made of sturdy rubber and also features a plane optical porthole. List price is \$29.95. Distributed by Alfa American Corp.



**Aqua Phone**—A few more accessories like this and we'll have to re-write Jules Verne's works. The Aqua Phone is a sound powered underwater speaker which is audible to 50 feet, you can converse at seven feet. Non corrosive construction and no moving parts. Easily installed in mouthpiece of all regulators except Northill. Speaker for Northill will be available soon. Manufactured by Underwater Sports Shop, Long Beach, California.

**Underwater International**—Culminating four years of research and development this firm announces opening of business at 7200 Michigan, Santa Monica, Calif. Organized exclusively to design, manufacture and distribution of underwater goods for world trade, a rounded line of spearguns and items include CO2 gas spearguns, cartridge gun in two calibers, detonating powerhead, quick-release belt, pole spears, light meter case, spearheads, etc. Paul E. Kazear is at the helm.



**Aqua Motor Board**—This unit was designed especially for skin divers who lack boats. The four tubes have tremendous buoyancy. Airplane type prop eliminates danger to other divers, also there are no underwater exhausts or noises. The unit weighs approximately 100 pounds and disassembles easily. Steering is done by feet on a sled type bar. Plans are available. This is a make-it-yourself-unit.

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with

**tied-in supporter**

THE MOST COMFORTABLE, ADJUSTABLE  
SWIM TRUNK FOR YOU.

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front fly pants.  
Tailored fit.  
Sizes 26-38.

Also boxer models  
in long and  
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Sizes 30 to 44.

Blue - grey  
buff - lime - red.  
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**SWIM and BEACH WEAR**

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Championship team has  
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With skin-divers who really know equipment, *performance* is the payoff. That's why experts choose Voit!

The Voit name means the finest performance—coupled with lasting quality—in Swim-Fins, face plates and underwater guns. Added to these are the new Voit Lungs and Underwater Suits...the finest made. Accessories, too—weight belts, depth gauges, waterproof watch cases, snorkles, ear plugs—all backed by the best-known, most respected name in skin diving.

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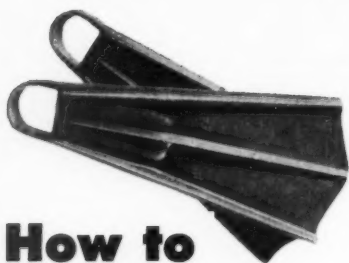
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have their goods  
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# DUCK FEET



## How to Select Fins

SEE IF THEY FLOAT: The cheapening fillers, such as clay, talc, tars and reclaims, are generally heavier than water.

SMELL: Natural rubber smells like smoke. If no smoke smell, it is probably synthetic and has poor wear and tear resistance. (Don't be fooled by transparency — synthetic can be transparent.)

BOUNCE AGAINST SOMETHING SOLID: The more vibrance, the more rubber.

STRETCH THE HEEL STRAP: Even poor fins should stand a two to one stretch.

VISIT THE U.D.T. TEAMS: Eighty per cent use "DUCKS".

CONSIDER THIS: The most widely distributed fins carry the freight of the most middle men. The cost of too much "sales Steam" in distribution is robbed from the cost of raw materials. A heavily "pushed" line of fins, sold in a fancy four-color litho box costing you \$13.95, can have as little as 41c worth of raw material in them.

DUCK FEET fins are guaranteed to be pure, natural rubber.

THEY FLOAT: The ribs are stiffened with the smallest possible amount of pure styrene. The heel straps are guaranteed to stand at least a four to one stretch. GREEN DUCK FEET contain less than 1% green dye and background white.

DUCK FEET are sold to dealers and jobbers direct. Your dealer can easily get DUCK FEET for you but quick.

DEMAND THE GENUINE ORIGINAL DUCK FEET. If no dealer near, SPEARFISHERMAN will give you same-day service by mail. DUCKS regular size: small, medium, med. large and large. \$8.95. Giant U.D.T. size: med. large, large, and extra large \$12.95. Money-back guarantee.

## RUBBER and FINS

Pure natural rubber is by far the best fin material. Natural rubber has superior tear resistance. It floats — even in fresh water. But say! more important — the zing and resilience of pure natural rubber fins actually STORES THE ENERGY YOU PUT INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE STROKE AND GIVES IT BACK TO YOU WITH A PUSHING, VIBRANT SNAP AT THE END OF THE STROKE. Hence the push - push - chug - chug of a boardy synthetic fin becomes an efficient flow of power. But natural rubber is expensive — averages almost double the cost of synthetic, so some makers use synthetic or "extend" their rubber with fillers.



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PIECE OF RUBBER



THE WIDE VIEW  
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No more seams . . . No more glue . . .  
No more patchwork!

The revolutionary machine method of moulding, forms the rubber into perfectly shaped and seamless suits. 100% waterproof! 800% stretchable! Easy to get into! Outlasts 2 ordinary suits!

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**FULL SUIT** ..... \$39.95

Small—Medium—Large—Extra Large. (Full length legs with feet, full length arms.)

**SHORTIE** ..... \$19.95

Small, Regular, Large. (Thigh seal short legs, bicep seal short arms.)

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*Spearfisherman*

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## Dan Williams Test-Dives the

# PRO

Marathon, Fla., Feb. 29, 1956

Rose Aviation, Inc., Madison, Ohio.

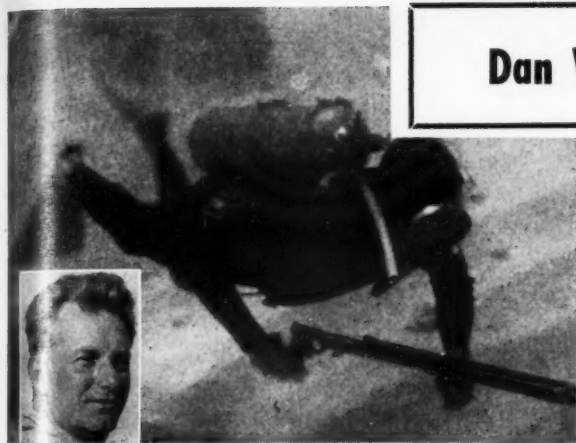
Dear Mr. Rose:

PRO (lung) arrived air mail . . . tests have been finished. Complete report to you . . . later this week . . . results very gratifying.

Particularly impressed with simplicity. . . . Ease of breathing is a natural with second stage diaphragm at mouth level. Tests show unit to be *completely safe* . . . absence of large hoses eliminates flooding.

This price (\$22.50) is well within reach of "do-it-yourself" divers whose home-made rigs can be made safe by adaptation of your PRO. This was my most perplexing problem as Safety Director of Cleveland Skin Divers Club. Thanks for this big help to my safety program.

Yours very truly, E. Dan Williams



E. Dan Williams, pres., Williams Marine, 5969 W. 215 St., Cleveland, O., Reg. Prof. Engineer, Ass't Chf. Facilities Eng. Div., Nat'l Advisory Comm. for Aeronautics. 28 yrs. diving with all "lungs". (Above picture from 1600-ft. color movie of PRO test.)

# PRO

ROSE-SCUBA, MODEL 56



### Why More Skin-Divers Are Choosing PRO

New principle! Simplified-functional design is more efficient! Approved by lab. and underwater tests as easier, safer "breathing" at all depths the human body can endure — under all conditions. The only self-contained Demand Regulator, Exhalation Valve Mouthpiece for **constant equalized pressures**. No "flooding"! No more bulky "oversize" hoses, no costly "corrective" accessories. Meets Navy and Air Force requirements. 100% corrosion resistant. Fits standard tanks. "Makes safe" home-made outfits. One-year guarantee. By every comparison your greatest scuba valve for skin diving pleasure and safety. Get complete details from Rose Aviation, Inc. Dept. 1232, Madison, Ohio.

ROSE AVIATION, INC.  
Dept. 1232, Madison, Ohio



Send FREE complete details on the PRO.

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Street.....

City.....Zone.....State.....







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World-famous Mares underwater swim equipment from Italy is now available in this country, exclusively distributed by Pennsylvania Athletic Products. Designed for speed, safety and maneuverability, every item in the Mares line is equal to the most demanding underwater conditions. If you want the best, insist on Mares at your favorite skin diving specialty shop or sporting goods dealer.

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blade. Excellent  
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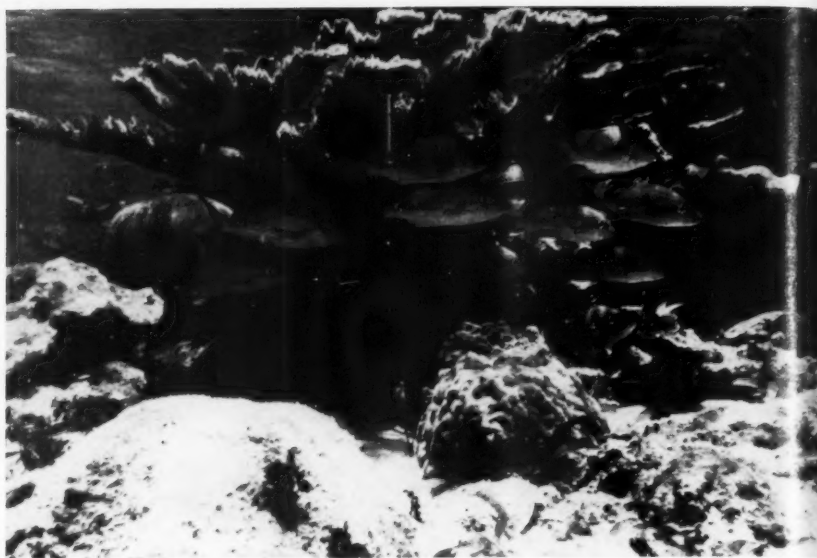


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THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY  
PENNSYLVANIA ATHLETIC PRODUCTS DIVISION  
BOX 951, AKRON, OHIO

14—JUNE—SKIN DIVER



W. Ford Young, diver and photographer of British Honduras, caught these yellow and white Grunts seeking refuge under a branching coral.

# BRITISH HONDURAS

By W. FORD YOUNG

British Honduras is a British Crown Colony located on the Caribbean coast of Central America about 325 miles almost due south of New Orleans. It has a land area of about 3,600 square miles and is bounded on the north by Mexico and on the west and south by Guatemala. In addition to this dry land, the Colony includes another 4,000 square miles of shallow, island-studded waters offering infinite fascination to skin divers.

The reef lies only ten to twenty miles off the coast and provides a well-protected and spectacularly beautiful area for diving, swimming, sailing, fishing,

and motorboating. The numberless small coral sand islets, some utterly bare of anything but the coral fragments and others arched with coconut palms, rise six to seven feet above mean sea level along the reef. Tides seldom exceed one foot and present no problem of tricky currents or murky waters.

There are butterflies, parrot fish, sergeant majors, grunts, trigger fish, tangs, pork fish, angel fish, small snappers, jacks, and hundreds of others in abundant confusion. For a really tasty meal one usually can locate by its feelers one of the large crayfish (locally called

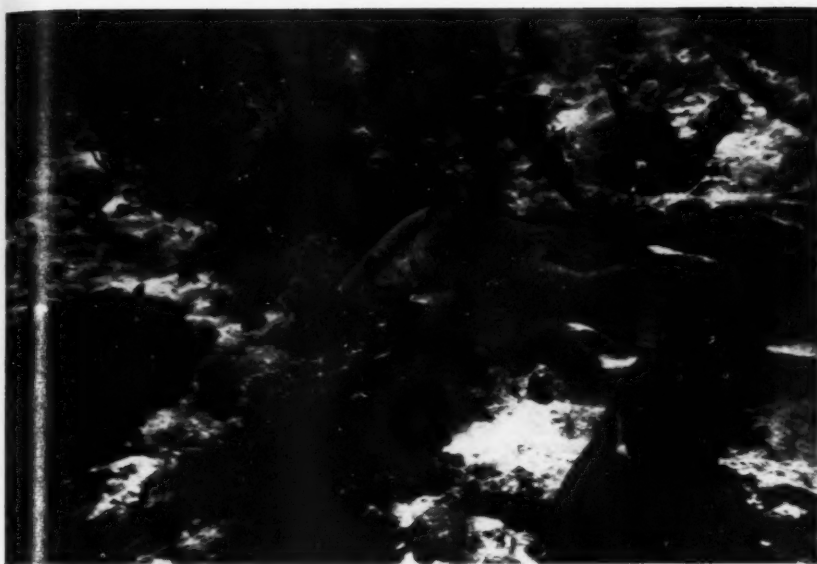
An im

lobster coral, a golf-cure yticular

In m sharply or thr the spe at wha channe form f large v eral va jewfish snapper often to sharks vide ex man.

Sailb a skiff to cabin are ava Further fins, fac guns. C able an for hire to bring trical ed the pow is direct Baymen Belize, v modatio items, o

The n diving a probabl which n ber to J may exp



An imperturbable Hogfish poses for his portrait.

—Photo by W. Ford Young.

lobsters) which hide in the holes in the coral. A little skilled maneuvering with a gaff-like hook or small spear will procure you a dinner to tickle the most particular palate.

In most places the sea floor drops off sharply outside the reef to a depth of two or three hundred fathoms, furnishing the spearfisherman his hunting ground at whatever depth he chooses. Many channels cut through the main reef and form favorite feeding grounds for a large variety of game fish, including several varieties of grouper, amberjack, jewfish, crevalle, barracuda, tarpon, snapper, snook, etc. Along the reef and often to the landward side are found the sharks and rays of all kinds which provide exciting sport for the spearfisherman.

Sailboats or powerboats ranging from a skiff powered by a five-horse outboard to cabin cruisers up to 50 feet in length are available for hire at reasonable rates. Furthermore, the enthusiast may rent fins, faceplates, belts, snorkels, or spearguns. Compressed air is not yet available and as a result there are no lungs for hire. Incidentally, anyone planning to bring a compressor or any other electrical equipment must bear in mind that the power supply in the city of Belize is direct current, either 110 or 220 volts. Baymen Sports, Ltd., P. O. Box 354, Belize, will answer queries about accommodations, the availability of specific items, or any other questions.

The most favorable months for skin diving and particularly for photography, probably are during the dry season, which normally lasts from about December to June. During these months one may expect a great deal of sun, and the

water will be crystal clear. Diving during the rest of the year is good, but the water may become somewhat cloudy during periods of heavy wind or rain.

To reach this skin diving "frontier", one almost has to travel by air, since only one small boat out of New Orleans accepts passengers for Belize. Air schedules are as follows:

TAN Airlines from Miami on Monday and Thursday; Round trip, U. S. \$99.00.

TACA International from New Orleans on Wednesday and Saturday; Round trip, U. S. \$129.60

In addition to these two lines which connect directly with the States, BWIA has a weekly flight on Monday from Jamaica and the Cayman Islands; SAHSA (Pan American's subsidiary in the Republic of Honduras) connects with San Pedro Sula, Honduras, on Wednesdays and Saturdays; and British Colonial Airlines maintain internal service in the Colony and connect with Chetumal just across the border in Mexico.

Customs and Immigration do not make it difficult for a tourist. All that a U. S. citizen needs is a valid passport or a tourist card and a current small pox vaccination certificate.

First class hotel accommodations have been available in Belize since 1954 when the modern and attractive Fort George Hotel was opened overlooking the Caribbean. Its accommodations, service, and cuisine are on par with any in Central America, at a rate of approximately U. S. \$10.00 a day, meals included. Less imposing accommodations at the old Palace Hotel or one of several boarding houses run from U. S. \$3.50 to U. S. \$5.00 per day with meals.

FOR MORE  
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## PENNSYLVANIA'S Fathomlite and Snorkels

To complete your skin diving equipment and assure the most underwater enjoyment, Pennsylvania brings you the new Fathomlite and other accessories, tested and approved by Hawaii's skin divers. These items are a "must" for every diver. See them at your favorite skin diving specialty shop or sporting goods dealer.

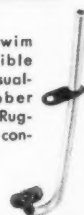
Fathomlite water-proof case, made especially for big beam, 5 or 6 cell flashlights. Affords superior underwater vision, regardless of depth.



Waikiki Swim Pipe—Flexible tube and unusually soft rubber mouthpiece. Rugged, simple construction.



Honolulu Swim Pipe—Extra-large pipe with automatic ball valve and spit valve for easy tube clearing. Perfect for surf and rough water.



THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY  
PENNSYLVANIA ATHLETIC PRODUCTS DIVISION  
BOX 951, AKRON, OHIO

SKIN DIVER—JUNE—15



*J. O. admires the Tobago gun buster, 79 inches long.*

# TOBAGO ISLAND

By JIM OETZEL

Tobago Island lies 21 miles from Trinidad, which is just north of Venezuela. It is 26 miles long and  $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles wide, with a population of 33,250, basically negro. Due to the proximity of Trinidad to the headwaters of the Orinoco River, the water conditions around Trinidad are not too clear. Therefore everyone advised me to go to Tobago, both because of the clear water, and because of Anthony.

Anthony seemed to be the magic word: when anyone saw my gear, airlines and hotel employes, cab drivers, the man on the street, all advised me to see Anthony. Convinced, I made arrangements to go fishing with the fabulous Anthony.

Anthony was a treat and a wonder to behold, weighing about 275 pounds, speaking the Queen's English, completely at home in the water. Outstanding was the fact that he knew the location of every fish and shell on the island, and the scientific name of each fish and shell.

The spearfishing world is small, as evidenced by this episode when I first met Anthony. He carefully examined my equipment, apparently sizing up my fish-

ing prowess by the type of gear utilized, and noted my "Coca Cola". He then brought forth a modification of the Coca Cola, and bells began to ring. This was the same gun utilized by Jim Connell, formerly of Rio. In fact it was Jim who suggested that I stop in Tobago on the way to the States. Apparently Jim had given it to Anthony. Unfortunately it was in need of repair, not easily obtained on the island.

Tobago with its leisurely atmosphere is indeed a wonderful place to fish. In the seven and one-half days I fished, the size, variety, and number of fish I saw was considerable. My luck was the usual beginner's, good and bad both. In the first afternoon we fished a point north of Bucco Bay. A large seven foot ray was speared. I slipped over the side, worrying about sharks as usual, when directly under the boat was a large grouper apparently attracted by the fuss created by the ray. Ah, I will get him! Carefully checking everything and quietly diving down for a shot, all was well, I picked my shot, with a "Well, here goes," boom!, nothing happened. I had

missed completely. The grouper moved a few feet away and gave me a look of contemptuous scorn. Well as you all can guess he waited around until I had the gun reloaded before he slipped away among the sea fans.

Suddenly it seemed my shark fears had materialized, because several loomed out of late afternoon shadows and scared me stiff. But no, they were not sharks, what were they? Ah, tarpon. I realized finally that I had seen my first tarpon. This command performance lineup was repeated several times, each time with the same startling effect, but no chance for a shot. Meanwhile Anthony speared a 35 pound yellowfinned grouper, and it was time to head in. Tomorrow was the day, a tarpon for me. This is the fisherman's nemesis, mañana, mañana!

We were off early the next day, but the early morning proved disappointing. Very few fish were seen and nothing of size. This was a familiar pattern: I had my chances the day before but muffed them. So the old story, we will try one more place, Plymouth Point. We anchored near the white water that was



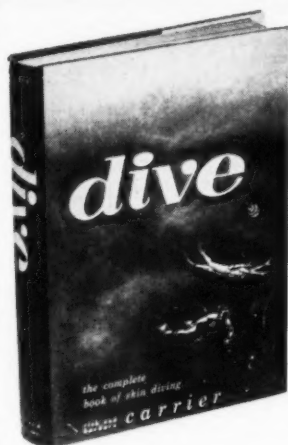


Jim Oetzel gets around. He is shown here with a six foot eel speared at Wake Island.



Rene Colin at Canton Island in the Pacific displays his 71½ pound Wrasse (*Cheilinus Undulatus*). Photo by Jim Oetzel.

boiling around the point. This place looked promising, but who can tell. However it wasn't long before I saw several schools of tarpon. I managed to get a couple of scales off one. I had some shots at snappers and groupers, but no luck. Of course you know the next chapter. Foolishly I kept on with one CO<sub>2</sub> cartridge for the Coca Cola, then it happened, a large grouper boiled up from the bottom to have a look at me. I let him have it in the head, and away he went, dragging float and everything with him. He tore loose from the line and wedged himself in a crack, apparently sick. Maybe he would wait for me while I went back to the boat for cartridges. Naturally the swim was against the current, and as you can imagine I began to see every kind of fish known to Tobago. Several large barracuda circled hypnotically, menacing, the devils! How did they know I had



# This is it!!!

... the book critics  
have called the best  
yet published on  
**SKIN DIVING**

*Here are the reasons:*

**SEA:** full, up-to-date information on the sea and marine life.

**SPEARING FISH:** all phases are covered; photographs show many of the techniques.

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**BUILD IT YOURSELF:** details of equipment you can build yourself.

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an empty gun? I also saw a large cobra or wahoo and several schools of tarpon. Finally reaching the boat I explained the situation to the boy, because Anthony and the other diver were not around. Of course on the way back the situation was the same, many large fish about, snappers and others. And it was no surprise to find that the grouper was not so obliging, he had left the crack he was holed up in. Now what? I started to look around for another likely looking spot, like it says in the book, when all at once from under a nice looking ledge, a grouper came out for a look. Whether it was the original one, I didn't know. Meanwhile I was attempting to straighten out my spearshaft and finally succeeded. I went down under the ledge which was situated directly under a rocky cliff with plenty of surge and managed to get a shot in his head. This was supposed to knock him out, but it didn't, and the tug of war started, with me losing every round. This routine took up several hours. By this time I was cold, hungry and exhausted when I saw the boat go by about 500 yards away. Cripes! Didn't they see me? I needed another shaft. Yes, they slowly were edging shoreward, and Anthony slipped over the side with another shaft. However, another shot didn't help much, it seemed to spur Mr. Jewfish to greater efforts. Finally, how-

ever, he relinquished his corner and came with us. I didn't learn his weight, but he was 79 inches long.

Now I thought was the time to look for my barracuda friends. Sure enough one was still around, but needless to say he sensed that I had a loaded gun and was after him. He drifted slowly away from me, keeping out of range.

Anthony filled me in on what had happened: the boat had drifted because the anchor broke off, and then the motor got temperamental, so they had to maneuver the boat in without motor or anchor so we could land the fish. All's well that ends well, but you must wait for the finale. The camera broke as we were taking pictures of the catch. Fortunately I got a few shots first.

Well, what did I learn this trip? Something we all know: when you are unprepared or unloaded, the fish, poor sports, know it and come in. Oh, I guess it's fun to get the same lesson year after year, spot after spot. I might learn some day, but that wouldn't be any fun, because there wouldn't be any fish stories about the one that got away. So adios til the next school session. Adict that I am, I'll go back again, prepared. Ha! Two thirds of hunting and fishing stories are devoted to unpreparedness and how luck helped overcome negligence. »

# Marathon Florida

By JOHN P. GOGGIN

*Aerial view of  
Marathon. Photo  
by Ed Swift, Jr.*



Marathon is an unincorporated community of about 3,500 population on a group of islands, the largest of which is Key Vaca, 105 miles Southeast of Miami, 45 miles East of Key West.

Its popularity among vacationers results from a friendly understanding of what the clean-cut sportsman-vacationer wants and providing it at a reasonable cost. Here accommodations are available

to suit your budget from the swank and ultra-exclusive to "just folks".

The Middle Keys of the Florida Keys chain are in a unique position for fishing and skin diving since they have im-

## RICHARDS' ... NEW YORK'S LARGEST SPEARFISHING CENTER PRE-TESTS all Equipment for SAFETY and DURABILITY!

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RUBBER GLOVES ..\$2.95  
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All For  
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### Skin Diver's Corner...NEW ITEMS



**FROGMAN T-SHIRTS** ... 4 colored emblem on Heavy Weight quality White T-Shirt.

Adult sizes ... S, M, L \$1.25  
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**JANTZEN'S IMPORTED COTTON REVERSIBLE TRUNKS**

Black or Red Plaid Reverse; Red or Green Plaid Reverse; Brown or Brown Plaid Reverse

Sizes: 28-36 .....\$5.95  
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**GANTNER'S Nylon Elastic RACING TRUNKS**

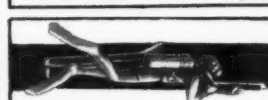
Black, Royal, Grey, White

Sizes: 28-42 .....\$5.00

**RES-Q-PAK** .....\$2.95

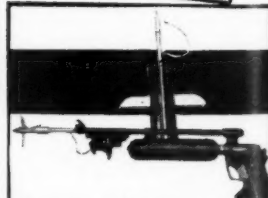
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**STERLING SILVER "FROGMAN" TIE CLASP.** Beautifully detailed.

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**MARK VII CO<sup>2</sup> PISTOL**

18-inch length .....\$39.95

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**MARK VI SPINNING REEL**

Fits Any Gun .....\$5.95

**MARK II FOOT LOADER**

Fits Any Arbalette .....\$1.95

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Counselors and outfitters for world-wide underseas expeditions.

mediate access to the Gulf of Mexico, the Florida Bay, the Reef, the Gulf Stream, and countless smaller bays and channels.

Marathon, for some time, has been a popular winter resort for the sportsman who liked our mild winters and warm waters, as well as our excellent fishing. Our pleasant days in summer, tempered by the breezes from the Southeast, are making Marathon a favorite spot for summer vacationers too. There is a big sports fishing fleet of charter boats available. Comfortable party or bottom fishing boats carry larger groups to the fishing grounds at moderate cost. Skiffs, with or without outboard motors, can be rented by those who wish to fish alone. And for those who bring their craft by trailer, launching facilities are available.

However, the day has passed when Marathon is only a fishing village and the motif of the "Riviera of America" is rapidly replacing it. A wide variety of motels offer several luxurious swimming pools in tropical surroundings, yacht basins, sandy beaches, playgrounds for children, shuffleboard courts and tennis courts. The warm water is ideally suited for skin diving. At the restaurants, excellent chefs serve native food as well as foreign dishes and standard American fare is not forgotten. As a yachting center, Marathon's natural, protected harbors, with well-equipped marinas, make it a busy flourishing yachting rendezvous.

Vast channels among the islands, through which the clean tides surge between the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic, are the highways of a myriad of fish

and other marine life. Most of the varieties are permanent residents, but from fall until spring, the migrating Spanish mackerel and King mackerel (Kingfish) congregate in great schools to increase the aquatic population for the sportsman and skin diver. Then, in the spring, the migrating Tarpon comes in hordes, however, many are present the year around. Some of the odd creatures, many of them giants like the sawfish, sharks, rays and sea turtles, provide sport with harpoon or heavy tackle, as well as objects for nature study. The Florida spiney lobster or crawfish is abundant and so are conchs. Strategically situated on the Overseas Highway, Marathon places the angler and diver in the heart of the gamefish waters of the Gulf Stream and the Florida Reefs and the Bay of Florida.

The waters of the Keys hold interest and excitement for all types of divers: those who have read of the wrecks of treasure laden ships in the eighteenth century and who seek them under the water for the value of the treasure itself or the thrill of historic finds; those whose interest is in the treasures of nature, the shells, the ferns, the rich hues of red and yellow, blue and lavender, when the light strikes down to set the coral aglow and the brilliant sea fans waving; for the diver with the fixed air supply, and the skin diver who carries his compressed air with him; for the underwater photographer: all find the warm waters of the Keys a veritable treasureland.

Guides to instruct and advise, equipment to buy or to rent, make it easy for the novice diver, as well as the seasoned diver, to enjoy the waters of the Florida Keys. >

# TRIPOLI, LIBYA

By SIMON CODRINGTON

The Underwater Explorers Club.

The club is situated approximately two miles west of Tripoli, within 100 yards of the sea. For transportation there is a half hourly bus service which passes nearby, and taxis are plentiful.

The club consists of changing rooms for men and women, complete with showers, lockers and normal ablutions—a storeroom for equipment—a bar and most attractive restaurant which incidentally serves the best food in Tripoli—a sun terrace and a private stretch of rocky coastline. Scuba instruction and the hire of lungs, boat, underwater camera, etc., can be arranged at the shortest notice. For those who have their own "lungs", just leave your empty bottles at the club in the evening and collect them recharged the following morning.

Visibility underwater is good, while there is next to no tide, and strong currents are virtually unheard of. The sea bed is rocky for some 200 yards out to sea along most of the coastline, and the average depth over the rocks ranges from 12 to 50 feet.

Fish most likely to be met are groupers, dentex, mullet, rays and assorted rock fish. Guitar fish are also quite plentiful, and during the tunney fishing season, it is not unusual to encounter shark.

It is generally possible to swim without a suit from April until November, the best months being September, October and November.

When not diving, the town of Tripoli offers the following attractions: Two first-class luxury hotels, a casino, two night clubs, modern shops and cinemas and a few good restaurants. It is also worth noting that Tripoli has the reputation of being the cleanest town on the North African coast.

For those who like exploring on land as well as under the water, there are the magnificent Roman ruins to visit at Sabratha and Leptis Magna. Both are within easy reach of Tripoli. Finally, if you have the time, a journey to the ruins of Cirene and Apollonia east of Benghazi is well worth while. The latter, by the way, is partly under the sea.

Direct air passages can be made to Tripoli from London, Rome, Malta, Tunis and Cairo. >

Read about the Underwater Jamboree to be held in Marathon July 22-29 on Page 43. Three big contests.



Herb Wood and Calvin Bartelt inspect the remains of an ancient Mission Bell discovered on a wreck near Marathon, Fla.



# RANCHO BUENA VISTA

... Pescadores Paradise

By SALLIE SAWYER SMITH

Buena Vista in Spanish means "good view" and they certainly got a good view of fish both from the top of the water and from underneath it! Howard Lindenmeyer, Jack Opperman and Scott George of the Pescadores, a Los Angeles skin diving club, flew down to Rancho Buena Vista on the gulf side of Baja, California, half way between La Paz and the tip of the peninsula, for a week of underwater adventure. They loaded the plane, a Cessna 170, to capacity with spearguns, flippers, masks, snorkels and an underwater camera, and left San Diego early in the morning for an 800-mile flight as smooth as the waters of the Gulf of California.

As they neared the rancho they flew low over the 15-mile white sand crescent of Palmas Bay and spotted an acre of boiling turbulence—a giant school of yellowtail swimming in a circular pattern and churning the water white with their thrashing. This promised good spearing ahead!

Rancho Buena Vista is a unique self-contained unit in the wild fresh country of Baja, California, 10 miles from the nearest village of Santiago, and literally "built out of the ground". The main lodge and comfortable cabins are constructed of bricks baked in a kiln right on the site from local clay and thatched with fronds from the nearby palms. Modern plumbing and refrigeration, American food with Spanish touches and good companionship in the rancho cantina offer a pleasant contrast to the primitive beauty of sunlit sand, sea and sky. Owners Herb and Myrt Tansey greeted them at the rancho's own landing strip. The boys watched the full moon rise out of the water 50 yards from the front porch of the lodge and planned an early start for their first day.

They awoke to a curious sound and went outside to see the surf alive with thousands of small bait fish. The shallow water, actually darkened by their numbers, would suddenly turn to light blue as they jumped vainly and dodged the fierce rushes of the larger fish feeding on them. Surf casters were landing yellowtail out of this boiling cannibalistic tangle and shouting native boys would rush into the surf to cast their homemade spears at the easy targets. The pelicans were the best fishermen of this early dawn hour, crash-diving from flight formation into this bountiful breakfast spread. The sun pushed a sliver of crimson over the horizon and then popped up in a fiery red ball. The boys literally swam thru a whirl of anchovies and sardines as thick as a live bait tank to get a look at the larger



Skin diving makes a man tough!!



This arch of rock separates the Pacific Ocean from the Gulf of California near the tip of Baja California.



prey in the clear warm water. Schools of yellowtail, cabrilla and sheepshead examined them curiously much to the regret of several of them. Within an hour they had a dozen lobster to add to the lunch menu. On the afternoon of that first day Howard was prospecting over some sub-

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merged ledges about a quarter mile out from the beach and spotted a long purple shape resting between two giant rocks. Taking a deep breath, he eased up and shot straight thru the gill plate. The monster off like a hotrod! With only a single loop of line on his double rubber speargun, it was a fight to see which would tire first in the 20-foot depth of the fish's own element. As he struggled and thrashed in circles, Howard would let him run in the arc toward shore and pull the line tight when he headed for open water. The fish was exhausted before Howard and he landed him in the sand after twenty minutes that seemed an eternity. Hooking a glove thru the gill and throwing the fish over his shoulder, he headed for the certified spring balance scales which they had brought with them. 57 pounds of harvest-moon colored pargo liso glowed in the afternoon sunlight and lived up to its American name of red snapper by closing a jaw like a beartrap on Howard's thumb gashing it to the bone. They believed this to be a record weight for the species officially identified by the Department of Zoology of U.C.L.A. as *Lutjanus novemfasciatus*. The prize was presented to the Governor of Distrito del Sur de Baja California who lives a half mile from the rancho.

The days passed, full of opportunities for selecting shots from the schools of 40 to 50 pound fish, or looking for that bigger one to come along, or just sight-seeing among the needlefish, porpoise, turquoise and orange-shaded parrot fish, spiny pufferfish, turtles, black and yellow convict-striped fish. Herds of fifty to a hundred manta rays would form a waving purple carpet under the swimmers. They became so commonplace that the boys lost all fear of them. They would leap twenty feet in the air to shake off the sealice somersaulting like a ten-foot black and white pinwheel and hit the water with an ear-tingling bellyflop.

Skates, angelshark and rays lay as thick as shingles on the floor of the ocean. H. L. had an 8-mm movie camera attached to an extra speargun and a four-foot bat ray half-buried in the sand with just the rope of his tail and his eyes showing doubled as subject and target. He shot the ray between the eyes and kept the camera running until the ray's diving, slashing with its barbed tail and twisting finally broke the line. Four days later and a mile further up the bay H. L. happened to glance over the side of the skiff. A patch of white gleamed thru 30 feet of clear water and there was the dead ray still transfixed by the spear. H. L. dived down and retrieved the spear he had written off as lost.

One day they took a taxi down to Cabo San Lucas, the southernmost point of Baja, California where the Pacific Ocean

meets the Gulf waters. Here they dived undisturbed by the pounding of the waves on the cold Pacific side just around the point in a region of pinacles, arches and tunnels extending above and below the surface.

Jack had saved his powerhead for the worthy target that presented itself here. Fifty feet south of the southernmost rock of Baja, California the hulk of a grouper hung motionless in the marine shadows. Jack shot and the fish burst into action. Lunging, twisting, fighting the spear and the man for ten minutes in open water, he finally lodged in a cave about 75 feet under water. Jack tied the line to the boat and tried to pull the fish free, but their combined strength broke the 1000-pound test line and the fish won that round.

Determined to win the next one, Jack was swimming about a hundred yards from shore when he was overtaken by a rush of fish so thick they were almost rubbing against him. Surrounded by torpedo shapes with crescent tails and large glassy eyes, he took time for a careful selection and shot. He discovered then why the Mexicans call this fish "pescado fuerte" (strong fish). He towed Jack in a furious twenty-minute battle that bent his rigid-head spear almost double. When finally landed, he tipped the scales at 54 pounds. The natives warmed the boys with coffee which they grow, roast and grind themselves and lace with gin, and with praise for the "pescadores".

On their last day at Rancho Buena Vista they rented a skiff to go ten miles up the coast to Punta Pescadero and work the water back to the rancho. This beautiful scenic point offered yellowfins, cabrilla and roosterfish as targets and trumpetfish, triggerfish and skipjack as colorful distractions. The problem, as always, was not to find the fish but to select from the thousands presented to their guns. Scotts speared his prize fish of the trip here — an unusual looking joker which he insisted was the rare and interesting "French grunt".

On the final dive of this last day, Jack latched onto a red snapper that weighed in at 66 pounds and broke H. L.'s record. Both of these fish and the fuerte were registered for records according to the regulations of the International Underwater Spearfishing Association.

With the whole underwater world at their doorstep, the boys hated to leave Rancho Buena Vista. The food locker was choked full of fish and the natives for five miles up and down the beach were supplied for days. And the Pescadores had memories of the ease and simplicity of diving with faceplate, flippers and free air to take home with them.



Jack Opperman of the Pescadores with the 54 pound Furete (strong fish) landed after a fierce battle off the tip of Baja California.



Howard Lindenmeyer and victim . . . a brilliant copper colored Pargo Liso (Red Snapper). The spear barely penetrated the gill plate.

# CARIBBEAN

By TOM WINTER

The diving is fantastic and the living is cheap. That's what I found during a recent trip through the Caribbean and I'd like to pass on what I learned about living and diving conditions in the various islands.

But first let me tell you about my first dive in tropical waters. It was near the big reef off Tobago and Anthony, a fine diver, was my guide. Now I've heard of "breath taking" experiences but the only time it happened to me was when I first looked into tropical waters. The beauty of what I saw made me feel like I used to feel jumping into the water off Catalina Island in January without a rubber suit. The delicate fingers of white and tan coral twenty feet below me formed a lace-like pattern which was duplicated by their shadows on the white sand. Among the coral swam thousands of bright iridescent fish, small but brighter than any flower or butterfly I've ever seen.

With Anthony's advice I got several

grouper and snapper. What they call snapper there looks like a grouper except that they have a straight nose and are a yellowish red color. I've never heard of a snapper over fifty pounds, but of course, grouper go up to the hundreds. They both are bottom fish, feed on anchovy size fish in shallow water night and morning and lie among the coral fifteen feet and deeper during the day. They are both good eating and when speared they both head for a cave and wedge themselves in, but more about that later.

## *The Islands in General*

The Caribbean islands are a beach paradise any time of the year. The water is warm, it's sunny, there are not many insects, the people are nice and they don't think you're a bum just because you lie on the beach all day. From their latitude, the islands should be very hot, but built in air-conditioning in the form of trade winds keeps all but the interior of big islands balmy and agreeable night and day all year round. Actually I suppose that April to the end of August are the best months because the rest of the year is the storm season

which may disrupt your schedule traveling between the islands and there will be more days when the sea will be too rough for a row boat. If you don't have a choice though, don't let it worry you, you won't miss more than one day in twenty due to bad weather and the rest of the time the water is just as warm and the diving just as good. Unlike the Bahamas, the bottom off shore falls off quickly to deep ocean. This probably accounts for the good fishing but also probably accounts for the fact that the water is rarely clear enough for good color pictures. It is difficult to see bottom in more than forty feet of water.

There isn't much night life on any of the islands but there is unique entertainment, nevertheless. On the big islands there are calypso singers who make up a song in rhyme as they go along to the accompaniment of their guitars. You'll find whole orchestras in which the only instruments are old oil drums cut off to various sizes. The tops of the drums are divided into sections and each section is heat treated and shaved so as to produce a different note.

Diving is still new to the islands and



The peaceful harbors of the Caribbean await the traveling underwater sportsman. Above is St. George, Grenada.





you can hire a fisherman to row you around in his rowboat all day for \$1.80. He'll be very interested in what you're doing and you'll win a permanent friend if you'll give him the extra fish from your catch. Go to the lee side of the island where the water will usually be calmer and clearer and go to a fishing village. There you can find a boatman and get him to row you out to where he thinks there are fish in more or less shallow water.

I remember one evening off a little island in Man 'O War bay off the island of Tobago we ran into a heavy school of bait. In the school you couldn't see six inches in front of you, but at about ten feet you suddenly came into clear water like an airplane descending through a cloud into clear air. Hovering just below the school and feeding on the unlucky bottom row of fish were twenty five big grouper and snapper. We could dive down through the cloud completely hidden and then suddenly pop out and spear them before the grouper would see us.

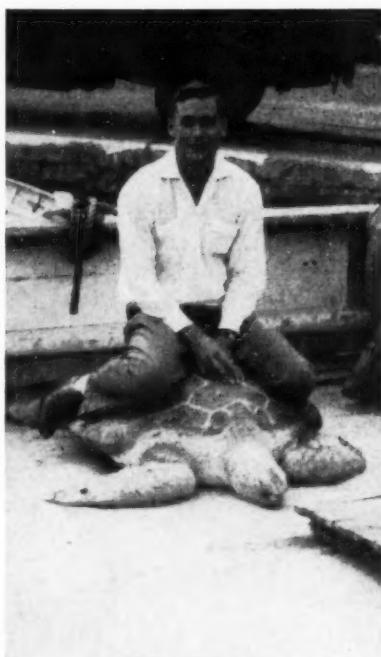
There are divers on all of the big islands and you can ask the townspeople who they are. They are always glad to tell you the good spots. A few places close to the major cities have been heavily fished but there is always virgin territory a few miles down the coast. As far as I know, no one is set up to fill air bottles. There must be some welding stores but among all the divers I met, I didn't find anyone who had a lung between Trinidad and Puerto Rico.

In the Caribbean south of Antigua the hotels are cheap (\$1.80 to \$6 per person for room and board) but often they're not very luxurious either. I want to mention this because when an American first goes into a hotel and finds there are no private baths, sees a pitcher and wash stand on the bureau with a chamber pot under the bed or only a naked light bulb in the room for light, he may get a bad impression which the cleanliness, the courtesy and the good food do not warrant. If you know in advance that's the kind of hotel you're going to stay in, you'll find it won't make a bit of difference to your trip.

The islands I'm going to recommend for the diver all turn out to be British. This is mostly because I found the best diving there, but partly because there is no language problem. There's better sanitation and easier entry. All you need to get into the British islands is a return ticket home and enough money to pay your hotel bill. I drank tap water and ate all kinds of food in all the islands without any trouble. Money is convertible anywhere at \$0.60 American to \$1.00 B.W.I. (British West Indian, pronounced beewee). If you do want to go to the French islands, Martinique, Guadeloupe,

Les Saintes, etc. you'll need a passport, will want to exchange your money before going (because you get a much better exchange than the official rate of 350 to 1) and to get rid of your money before leaving the islands because it's worthless elsewhere.

You can travel between the major islands by airplane and between all the islands by trading schooner. These are wooden sailboats about sixty feet long



*Tom Winter, Caribbean tourist, sits high on a local turtle.*

which carry almost all of the interisland freight and most of the poor people. For instance, a half hour trip in an airplane will cost \$6 while the same trip by boat will cost seventy cents, take six hours, and be more fun than a dozen plane trips.

A round trip from New York to Trinidad by Pan American air coach is \$282 but the trip can be made for less than half that amount. Aeriovias Real, the Brazilian airline, and the Argentine airline also fly the same route and although they have to tell you that they charge the standard price, if they like you and you press them on the possibility of paying in their local money, you may be allowed to travel at the same price as their citizens which is about a third of what they are forced to charge Americans. Also investigate flying as far as Puerto Rico with a non-scheduled airline. If you have time, you can go by non-scheduled foreign freighter at a price which is

strictly between you and the captain. You can't find out about cut rate travel by talking to travel agents, tourist bureaus or American airline offices. You have to go to ports or airports and make friends with less official employees.

#### *Diving Conditions On The Various Islands*

The water around Trinidad is always too dirty for diving because the mud from the Orinoco river dirties the water for miles out to sea. However Trinidad is a main stop for tourists and you will therefore find the best Calypso singers and steel bands. The airport hotels have comfort and prices to American standards, while the best hotels in Port of Spain are old fashioned, comfortable and cost around \$4 per day room and board.

Tobago is twenty minutes away by air and has the best diving I found. The water is clear and nobody but a few tourists have ever dived there. It's the only island I found where any minute you expect to come upon Dorothy Lamour in a Sarong. With coconut trees down to the water's edge and turquoise lagoons, it's right out of Hollywood. Enough tourists have found it so that there are good hotels but not enough so that the hotels are expensive. The whole western side of the island is excellent diving but the hotels are expensive. It is best to stay at Scarborough, especially Bacolet guest house. Anthony lives at Buccoo Reef and for a fee he will be glad to take you out. There is no night life except drinking rum with the interesting residents and other tourists.

Grenada has fair diving, but you have to get away from the major towns. That is Fred Pressy's fault. He had a good job and a fine future in the states but went to Grenada in order to have good diving in his backyard and now he's got everyone so enthused that the commercial fisherman use spears instead of nets and most of the town's people dive as a hobby. Look him up, he's a fine fellow has a wealth of experience, knows all the diving spots in the Caribbean and can sell you diving gear when you've run out. Grenada is a pretty island but there isn't much for the tourist to do and the diving is only fair.

Just to the north though are the Grenadines which have excellent diving. These are small arid islands with beautiful clear water and not much else. Carriou and Bequia have hotels and by renting a fisherman's sailboat you could dive a good spot every day for years and never dive the same spot twice.

Barbados is the main tourist island south of Puerto Rico but not enough Americans get there to get the prices out of line. The tourists are mostly from England and there are lots of hotels and

(Continued on Page 48)

# BRAZIL

## ... the spearfisherman's mecca

By JIM OETZEL



Fish weighing 330, 369, 409, and 442 pounds might sound like a skin diver's hallucination, but actually these are the weights of four jewfish landed by two of us in a couple of days at Angra dos Reis, Brazil. Nor is this exceptional there; single divers have landed as many and more in a day.

This is only the beginning. Brazilian waters abound with other types of fish, for example, grouper (116 and 279 lbs.), amberjack (116 lbs.), permit (55 lbs.), snook (42 lbs.), barracuda (30 lbs.), snapper (91 lbs.), tarpon (116 lbs.), mero or jewfish (613 lbs.), and many others. The figures inclosed in brackets are Brazilian record weights based upon the I.U.S.A. rules.

Brazil's natural beauty, including famous Sugar Loaf and Copacabana Beach, its perpetual summer, warm water, good beer, and pulchritudinous females, make it the Mecca for all skin divers. The Brazilian hospitality is fantastic: They will leave their wives, break their engagements, quit their jobs, just to take you spearfishing.

Cabo Frio, with its miles of snow white beaches and innumerable coves, lies 100 miles north of Rio, and is a favorite spot of the Brazilian spearfisherman because of the great variety of fish, including the 613 lbs. record mero or jewfish.

The port of Angra dos Reis, 125 miles south of Rio, and situated in the Ilha de Grande Bay, sheltered by the Ilha de Grande Island, is an ideal spearfishing spot, particularly for large jewfish. It is in this area, I dare say, that more large jewfish are speared than any where else in the world.

However, the coves and islands around Rio itself are very good, and the record black grouper was speared just off Copacabana Beach. Jose Carlos Brito's article in the October 1954 *Skin Diver* describes these spots in greater detail.

The general caliber of the Brazilian spearfisherman, including his fearlessness, techniques, thoroughness, and sportsmanship, make them the perfect diving companions. For example, Abel Gazio, Luiz Conera de Aramijo, and Jose Carlos Brito have tackled crocodiles and the deadly piranha in the fresh tributaries of the Upper Amazon (*Skin Diver*, July 1954).

(Continued on next Page)

Jim Oetzel (looking down) and Brazilian divers discuss a kill shot on a big fish. Left to right the divers are: Vladimiro Pinkiero, Alfredo Lobo, Jose Carlos Brito and J. O.

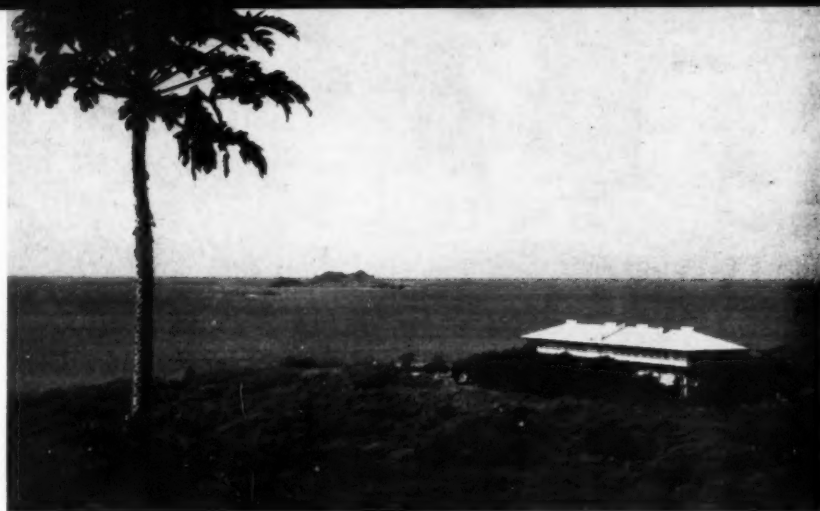
In general the Brazilian skin divers don't spear anything that is not edible or is not regarded as good game, avoiding rays, parrotfish, spade, and angel-fish. They disapprove strongly of anyone taking luck or blind shots, particularly on the large fish, limiting themselves to the head shot only, preferring to let the fish get away if they can't get this shot. One individual in the group who took a wild shot and hit a jewfish in the stomach only to let it escape to die later was completely ostracized. The head shot either kills the fish immediately or doesn't hurt the fish too much if it gets away. As an example, last year I hit a jewfish in the head with a powerhead, and the fish got away with the dart embedded. Months later the fish was speared and the powerhead recovered, apparently having caused no ill effects. These jewfish are not wasted; they are in demand and all of them are utilized for food.

The most outstanding feature of the Brazilian divers is their gear, and unlike the U.S. spearfishermen, they practically all had the same type of gear. From their pooled experiences, they have reduced themselves to a spring gun for the smaller fish and the "Coca Cola" for the larger fish. The "Coca Cola" derives its name from the shape of the CO<sub>2</sub> cartridge it utilizes. They have developed this gun themselves and all are practically custom-made with the unique feature of having the pressure in the gun handle because the cartridge is pierced on loading, and consequently the pressure is immediately released by the trigger action. There is a modification which uses a large cartridge chamber which they fill dry ice or CO<sub>2</sub>, giving them about 30 shots.

The Brazilians fire a stainless steel shaft with a swinging barb, since they don't believe in detachable heads. The shaft is attached to a 20 foot or 3/32 cable and about 40 feet of heavy cord attached to a buoy-shaped float. This float serves a very useful purpose of keeping strain on a "holed-up" fish. They wrap all the slack line around the float, thereby keeping strain on the fish at all time until it moves or relaxes when they quickly wind up more slack so constant tension is maintained, which eventually enables them to get the fish out of the hole.

They generally fish from a large boat and have a canoe or punt follow them while they are in the water. Lungs are used only to retrieve gear or to get a fish out of a hole.

Brazilian diving at its best was exhibited at the Fifth Annual Brazilian National Spearfishing Competition, which I shall report on soon.



"Trade Winds" Hotel graces the seascape.

# VIRGIN ISLANDS

By EVE WERMUTH

"The Virgin Islands are undistinguished bits of land surrounded by some of the world's most beautiful water." This statement, appearing in the February "National Geographic," seems to be supported by other sources.

The Navy's Underwater Demolition Teams select St. Thomas as their training ground each year. Twentieth Century Fox chose St. Thomas above all other locales offered for the filming of their movie "The Frogmen." Universal made "Away All Boats" in St. Thomas. John Jay held his first "Snorkel Safari" in St. Thomas.

No question about it, the Virgin Islands, second possibly only to Australia, are blessed with just about the richest marine life in the world.

Unfortunately, however, St. Thomas, for all its tininess (6 miles by 12) is also a very fashionable resort. (Sample vacationers in 1956 — Gary Cooper, J. P. Marquand, Chief Justice Warren. Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Lawrence Rockefeller, who owns much of the Virgin Islands). Therefore, with hotel prices geared to celebrities, the average skin diver has up until now had to bypass the temptation of exploring these fabulous and still untouched, waters.

This year, two Virgin Island sports enthusiasts have joined forces to correct the situation. Claude Caron, father of Leslie Caron the movie star, an enthusiastic skin diver himself, now provides every conceivable type of gear, at sensi-

ble prices. Eve C. Wermuth, a former Bostonian who has spent most of her life on or in the water, is now opening her forty-room hotel, "The Trade Winds," to skin divers at a special rate to them, so low that you could scarcely stay home any cheaper (\$7.50 a day with two meals).

Regardless of price, you would look far before you found a hotel better suited to skin divers than "The Trade Winds." Located high on the hill overlooking its own beach and snorkeling grounds, it is always cool. The relaxed atmosphere, the informal lounges, dining room and bar are set up to welcome tired bathers still in their suits. For the non-skin diving wife, a bus goes to town every twenty minutes, where ninety-seven shops offer free port bargains on which she will save almost enough to pay for the whole trip. (Scotch \$2.50, gin \$1.00, cigarettes a dollar a carton, take home all you want, perfumes, sweaters etc. at prices anywhere from half to a fourth stateside prices.) The golf course (free to TRADE WINDS guests) is within walking distance of the hotel. The Blue Mantas, St. Thomas's Skin Diving club, welcome all visitors.

The air temperature of St. Thomas in the summer is the same as that of Bar Harbor, Maine. In the summer, the airlines lower their fares substantially. As of now, it looks as though a mild stampede of skin divers will be converging on St. Thomas for vacations this year.





Mrs. S. P. Bailey of Paris, France, prepares for a diving excursion with three skin diving guides from the Halekulani Hotel, Honolulu.

# HAWAII

By ROBIN KINKEAD



Gregory Keawe, pure-blooded Hawaiian, is labeled as the "real McCoy" in Hawaiian skin diving circles.

The old Hawaiian sport of skin diving is coming into its own again along the reefs of Waikiki and the Beaches of Maui and neighbor islands down in Hawaii.

This time it is for visitors. The pastime has become so popular on the mainland that Hawaiian hotels, surf clubs, and charter boat operators are streamlining their facilities to offer specialized skin diving service to visitors who come crying for vistas of tropical fish and fire-colored coral.

They are ready to handle any type, from the paddler who merely wants to sightsee in shallow water, to the real gone spearfisherman eager to explore deep waters over coral reefs with lungs.

Skin diving in the old Hawaiian style was something for the expert swimmer alone says a Pan American report from the Islands. Development of swim fins, face plates and snorkels in the last 10 years have brought the hobby even within the reach of the cautious body dunker.

A year ago snorkel swimming and skin diving down in the Islands was a matter for the tourist to arrange for himself. Now it's being put on an organized basis like surfboard riding, outrigger canoe trips, and deep sea fishing, according to Pan American World Airways' latest survey.

## Subsea Scenery Vivid

Skin diving adds a new dimension to the beauties of the Paradise Isles. In addition to coco palm fronds waving against a deep blue sky, you now have the underwater world of antler and mushroom coral, the vividly-colored kihi-kihi or moorish idol and other flashing fish, such as parrot, butterfly, angel, surgeon fish, the humu-humu-nuku-a-puaa or trigger fish.

An occasional leopard ray may swim by in deeper water—harmless but spectacular subsea denizen. The red sea anemone waves its petals gently, and the sea urchins bristle dark purple. The water itself shades into startling technicolor blues when seen through a face plate.

## Services Offered

At the Halekulani Hotel on Waikiki Beach Manager Herman E. Mulder has four lungs and a team of four qualified beach boy instructors ready to take guests on diving expeditions in outrigger canoes.

Excursions are made to the Waikiki reef area where guests can explore the underwater at depths of 15 to 25 feet, using lungs or free diving, at a rate of \$5 per hour, including boat, instructor, and equipment. The beach boy instructors, already expert skin divers, were trained in Scuba used by "Tookie" Evans, well-known Hawaii skin diving expert.

At the new Reef Hotel next door on

the beach "Splash" Lyons has designated two of his beach boys as skin diving specialists. They take visitors out for sightseeing or spearfishing at \$3 an hour.

"Steamboat," the famous beach boy at the outrigger Clubs beach services, and Earl King, offer boat trips over Waikiki reef- for skin divers at \$10 per person.

Hale Au Au nearby has special skin diving deals at varying prices. By summer any hotel or beach service will be ready and willing in the Waikiki area.

Equipment—fins, face plates, spears, and lungs can be bought at Val's in the Surf Arcade, next to the Surfrider Hotel. Val also offers all-day boat excursions to choice spots for snorkeling, lung-diving and spearfishing at \$25 per person. Toys for Men and McWaynes also have a complete line of equipment.

For all kinds of skin diving equipment and rentals the Water Sports Store at Kevalo Basin, and the Fisherman's Wharf near Waikiki have some of the largest stocks in town. For Scuba divers they rent tanks at \$2 a day. Thus the lung diver needs to take only his regulator to Hawaii and avoid the extra weight of tanks.

In the same building, Sport Fishing-Hawaii runs 11 charter boats, such as the Stella Maris, the Valkyrie and the Azara, which they are making available for skin diving parties. Fishing charter charges are \$60 a day per boat for six or so persons and while the skin diving rates are not yet fixed, they estimate them at less.

#### *Underwater in the Outer Islands*

Some of the best underwater scenery can be found in the "neighbor islands." The super-luxurious Hotel Hani Maui, or Maui Island — just one hour and 20 minutes from Honolulu by Hawaiian Airlines — has two easily reached spots highly recommended by the hotel's manager, Bob Butterfield.

One is at Hamoa Beach, the hotel's private strand, and is reached by swimming 100 feet from the beach. "Eddy" and other beach boys are always at hand to guide guests to interesting spots or help them in spearfishing.

The other spot is Hana Bay, a five minute stroll from the hotel. Johnny Morris and other local skin divers are available as guides at between \$5 to \$10 depending on the length of the excursion.

On the famous Kona Coast of the "Big Island" of Hawaii, the sport is good in the harbor, off the reefs in front of the Kona Inn and other hotels, and at nearby beaches. "Pablo" and other local skin diving guides are available with and without boats.

From West Coast cities, Pan American flies round-trip to Honolulu for \$31.9 in first-class accommodations and \$2.50 in tourist. »



Tom Farrar observes sunken lumber barge in sixty feet of water at Sand Harbor, Lake Tahoe, Nevada. The divers often find sponges (*Spongilla Lacustris* Linne) in the depths of the fresh water lakes. Bill Berrum Photo.

## NEVADA LAKES

By BOB MORBY

The Nevada Desert Divers, Inc., Western Nevada's only diving club, and possibly the only one in the entire State, has found this area to be most interesting for any skin diver that may want to give it a whirl. The spots we visit most frequently are Lake Tahoe and Pyramid Lake. Each has a spectacular and unique beauty of its own.

Lake Tahoe is 21 miles long and 13 miles wide; and is situated high in the Sierra-Nevada Mountains. It is located about 40 miles from Reno, and straddles the California-Nevada border. Various types of Trout are abundant in Tahoe, but underwater spearfishing for any game fish is unfortunately prohibited in Nevada.

Tahoe's underwater landscape is particularly diver-luring. The skin diver has some 65 feet in visibility at a sixty-foot depth and about a 25-foot visibility if he cares to descend to the 280-foot level as a couple of our members have done.

For those who prefer diving in secluded places, an hour's drive from Reno to Pyramid Lake should solve his problem. Don't expect to find any resorts or

business districts here, for there aren't any (save an Indian trading-post at Nixon), as the lake is located on an Indian Reservation in the middle of a mountainous desert.

Indian legend holds that a Squaw that lost her sons in a tribal war sat down and wept for many moons. Her tears thus formed Pyramid Lake. A near-perfect stone Squaw-and-Basket formation at the water's edge is what obviously gave rise to the myth.

It is also said that an enormous Serpent dwells beneath Pyramid's waters and that the Lake has no bottom. Our club, however, finds it quite safe, though unusual, after diving there many times.

It is in Pyramid Lake that the Pre-historic kwi-wi is still found. Other fish include Trout and Carp. Carp, not being a game fish, may be spearfished in all sizes and weights here, some weighing in up to 70 lbs.

Lungs may be refilled at Sierra Oxygen Co. at 1500 E. 2nd street in Reno for \$2.00 a cylinder. Complete and top-quality skin diving equipment may be purchased at reasonable prices at the Coddling and Wetzel Sport Center at 8 Pine Street also in Reno. »

Skin Diving the . . .

# Sea of Cortez

By DONALD CLARK SCOTT

We have just completed the first leg of an ambitious trip of exploration and skin diving in the Gulf of California. To most of us the gulf is familiar water mainly because it is the only body of H<sub>2</sub>O bigger than an irrigation ditch within one day's drive of Phoenix. We try to make at least one trip a month to Guaymas, Rocky Point, or Kino Bay; but as these are becoming rather "old hat" we decided to make a systematic study of some of the lesser known places and to make our findings known to our fellow enthusiasts.

The first chosen was Kino Bay and the south end of Tiburon Island. January 26, five of us, John Low, Boyd Orth, J. B. Holmquist, Rex Earl and I left for Kino Bay by car. Two days previous my father, George Beeler, Jess Hawley and a character known only as Pop, had left Rocky Point in two 30-foot cabin cruisers bound for the rendezvous at Kino. Both boats were designed and equipped especially for extended cruising in the gulf. Both carry large supplies of gas and water and are equipped with ship to shore phones, deep freezers, depth recorders and automatic pilots. All these features were to prove exceedingly useful in the future course of events.

Our plans called for us to meet Friday morning in Kino Bay, but due to the contrary waters, or I should say the lack thereof, in the Infernello channel between Tiburon and the mainland, the boats did not arrive until 4 o'clock that afternoon. We spent the morning checking our gear and walking around the village, which consists of the usual adobe buildings, a schoolhouse, the inevitable cantina, and a small church. Kino Bay is sort of like Disneyland; it's a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there.

That afternoon we rented a boat, complete with outboard, and a barefoot skipper. Two of these craft called "pangas" are available. One is a small fast aluminum job and the other a slower but

*Gulf of California diver Don Scott and two lobsters caught in a cave near Kino Bay.*



ideal skin diving boat, built along the lines of a whale boat. The rate is 20-30 pesos an hour complete, or 18-20 pesos a day if you furnish your motor and gas. It is not necessary to look for the owners. Just stand around on the beach for five minutes and they will find you.

Our first objective was the lobster grounds starting on the southern end of the bay and extending on down the coast. The rocks are full of bugs and it is no trick to gather 30 or 40 in an hour's time. As soon as we had gathered enough for the evening meal we headed for a group of exposed rocks lying about 100 yards off shore (also good for lobster but more famous for the "bathtub sized" grouper to be found there).

Our catch for the afternoon consisted of an 80-pounder and three in the 40-pound class. These were taken in about 20-30 feet of water but many more of the King Kong variety were observed deeper. A lung diver should be able to obtain some real record-smashers at this spot. By this time it was growing late and as we could see the boats approaching the bay we headed back for cerveza and a fine meal of lobster tails.

Next morning we were up at day-break and began ferrying our gear to the boats in the dingies. Fortunately the bay was calm and in a short time the boats were loaded and we were on our way west to the island.

Tiburon Island at this point is about 30 miles across but with the help of the current and a light following wind we made the crossing in less than three hours. The island is clearly visible from

the mainland but as you approach it, its tremendous size and height are quite surprising. The sole inhabitants of this barren rock consist of some stunted deer in the interior, rattlesnakes, iguanos, and a tribe of about 100 pathetic Seri Indians. Now is a good time to clear up some rather misconstrued ideas concerning these supposed cannibals. Bill Smith, an anthropologist, whom I have known for the past six years, lives with and studies these people 8 to 10 months out of the year. He assures me they have never tried to boil him or anyone else in the big black pot, but that a hot bath now and then would be welcome. One word of caution, however: watch your equipment when they are around as they are firm believers in community property.

The southern end of Tiburon is rocky with occasional stretches of sandy beach and is dented with many small coves which give good protection from the wind. We were extremely fortunate in the weather in our three days on the island. While Los Angeles, the world's biggest gas chamber, was being washed down the drain, we were blessed with complete calm and crystal clear water. We all wore two-piece suits as protection against the cold water which was about 54, while the air temperature was in the high 70's, so we were not in the least uncomfortable.

The first afternoon was spent in replenishing our supply of lobsters and a number of 20-30-pound groupers were taken. Later on we cruised up the coast and back to the south end around to the west side. At every stop fish and lob-



sters were found in abundance. The depth recorders were very valuable in this work and numerous notes were made on our charts for future reference. Extreme caution should be taken in approaching the cliffs, as many rocks were observed hundreds of feet out which were only a few feet below surface at low tide; dangerous for boats, but heaven for the skin diver.

That evening we anchored in a sandy cove. We skin divers went ashore in the dingies and set up our cots and sleeping bags. Soon we had a roaring bonfire going and dried out our damp underwear. This turned out to be a waste of time, for in the morning we found our clothes, and everything that had been exposed, sopping wet with dew.

For the next two days everyone devoted themselves to their own pursuits. Two 70-pound groupers were taken as well as two morays, and a small octopus. There were once pearl beds in this area or so we had heard, but if there are, we couldn't find any.

Enough lobsters were taken and frozen to last the winter. I can truthfully say that I have never been on a more fruitful skin diving trip. Not a breath of air stirred and the water visibility was superb.

Monday came all too soon and as we started back the wind began to pick up. By the time we reached Kino, a good gale was blowing, which made our unloading and refueling process a real chore. Fair sized rollers were coming in and the dingies swamped and broached on several occasions, much to the amusement of the natives. One hundred gallons of gas were hauled to the boats in two 10-gallon cans. The next morning we left for home and the boats headed north along the west side of the island this time. Their advice to anyone attempting the passage through El Infernello is, don't. The trip back by boat would make an adventure story in itself. It took three days going south and seven days returning. They paid for the good weather we had with seven days of high wind and seas. Two days were spent in Libertad and two days in Lobos sitting out the worst part. Fortunately, we were able to keep in touch with them with the ship to shore phone. Moral: Carry plenty of gas, water and food.

#### Directions and Advice:

How to get there: Go to Hermosillo via Nogales, and turn right at the sign saying Bahia Kino on the boulevard through Hermosillo.

#### What to Take:

Everything you will need. No gas or supplies except cerveza (beer) are available.

#### What to expect:

The best skin diving of your life. ➤

# ANDROS TOWN

By ROGER FELDMAN

Andros Town, located at Fresh Creek in the Bahamas is the skin diver's dream come true. In sheltered waters of from 5 to 45 feet, one can have a complete range of sea life at their fingertips. While there I saw everything from Wahoo and Grouper up to Tiger Shark, Amber Jacks and Giant Manta. Visibility is exceptional at all times. We marked off clear vision up to 60 feet.

Through the years, over 140 wrecks have been reported in and around Andros extending from Morgan Bluff to Fresh Creek, in fact it was my good fortune to stumble across a wreck which we feel dates back to the early 1800's. At the time of this writing there are still several cannon at Fresh Creek and the wreck has not been thoroughly worked over. Several of the divers in the Boston Sea Rovers joined me in a return visit to Andros and we hope to make it again as soon as time from our business and wives will allow.

Andros is easily accessible from Boston, New York or Miami by air. At Fresh Creek they have compressors, aqua lungs, boats, native guides—everything a diver will desire. As yet this territory is completely virgin as the Yacht Club and lavish Light House Club was just recently developed. To any and all who plan to dive in the Bahamas, Fresh Creek, Andros Town is a must. ➤



Eugene Pasquale of the South Gate, Calif. Rod and Gun Club presents Eugenia J. Walker with a five day deep sea fishing trip in the Gulf of California. Eugenia, Skin Diver Magazine Secretary, won the trip by guessing the exact number of Zebra fish in a tank in the O.F.P.A. Booth at the Los Angeles Sportsmen's Show. The trip is sponsored by the Mexican Big Game Fish Association of Los Angeles.

## WILL IT BE A CAMPING VACATION???

Here is a check list of a few things that you might find desirable for your comfort and convenience. One word of caution however . . . do not burden yourself with extras to a point of having too much unwanted weight.

Food, adhesive tape, aluminum foil, axe, lantern, cook stove, cutting board, can opener, hunting knife, cheese cloth, soap, light rope, cooking equipment, canvas bucket, dish towels, egg beater, first aid equipment, flashlight, food bags, long handled fork, folding table and chairs, hot plate, ice pick, insect repellent, jack knife, lighter fluid, matches, mirror, metal sponge, nails, paper napkins, pliers with wire cutter, pot holders, portable refrigerator, tarpaulin, serving spoons, spatula, salt and pepper shakers, sharpening stone, shovel, toilet articles, toilet tissue, water purification tablets, wire broiler, wire grid, spearfishing and diving equipment.

## SUGGESTED FIRST AID KIT

By CHET LINDT

School of Tropical and Preventive Medicine  
Loma Linda, California

On our South Pacific expeditions so far we have had the services of a doctor and a complete line of medicines all the way from penicillin to snake bite antivenom. Fortunately we haven't had to take care of anything more serious than coral cuts.

For minor repairs on the beach the following items should come in handy:

Small pair of scissors, small pair of forceps, scalpel with several blades, tincture of merthiolate, assorted band-aids (water proof), supply of bandages and dressings, adhesive tape, potassium permanganate pills (for making solution in which to soak wound inflicted by sting rays etc.), tourniquet.

Most wounds inflicted by marine organisms become infected easily so don't spare the disinfectant. ➤

## GOING TO MEXICO!

Here's a simple procedure to follow: Before entering Mexico, each visitor must have a tourist card and a smallpox vaccination certificate. The driver will also need his driver's license and car registration to get an automobile permit at the border. It is wise also to carry proof of citizenship or voter's registration.

To avoid border delays, it is advisable to consult your broker regarding car insurance coverage in Mexico. The International Insurance Service in Los Angeles is an American firm recognized by the Mexican government. The Mexican Government Tourist Bureau, 735 South Olive Street, Los Angeles, can supply any answers to questions on Mexican travel, preferably by telephone at Michigan 1211.



Three members of a skin diving party walk the sands at Cayo Icacos, a favorite of underwater sportsmen.

# PUERTO RICO

By RICHARD HAZLETT



Jack Becker lands a red snapper near San Juan, Puerto, Rico. Photos by Hamilton Wright.

A fin on each foot and a couple more in your wallet will get you by easily in Puerto Rico this time of year for a complete day's spear fishing outfit. Boat, crew, and equipment, and the finest underwater sport this hemisphere has to offer, is the best package buy of the season at a price well under \$10.

Contest records in Puerto Rican waters include a 298 pound Jewfish, a 45 pound grouper, a 38 pound barracuda, a 35 pound snapper, and a 16 pound hogfish.

Spearfishing is generally good off all Puerto Rican beaches. But an exceptional fishing ground is near a group of small islands off the southeast Caribbean shore. Until a few years ago, these islands and their surrounding waters were inaccessible to tourists. Special boat service now from Las Croabas, a tiny fishing village on the eastern coast, has opened up the area for skin diving. Arrangements can be made through any San Juan hotel.

The day's outing including boat rental and transportation to and from the take-off point about 40 miles from San Juan costs only \$55.00 for a group of 10. The only additional expense is the cost of whatever food you want to take along. Skin diving equipment, if you don't have your own, is carried on board the boat and can be rented for about \$2.50 per person.

At Las Croabas, you board a sloop and set sail for Icacos, Lobos or Palominos, about three miles off-shore. Protected from the strong swells of the Atlantic by a string of reefs named Las Cucarachas (cockroaches) after their shape, not their inhabitants — these islands and their surrounding waters provide the best Puerto Rico, or any place, can offer in underwater sport.

There are many other good skin diving spots also accessible in a day's outing from San Juan. They include Boca de Cangrejos with its magnificent marine gardens on the Commonwealth's north coast and Vega Baja, 40 miles west of San Juan, with dramatic off-shore reefs. Transportation can be easily arranged through tourist agencies or car rental agencies which have offices in all hotels.

By "publico" (taxi) from San Juan you can make it in about 5 hours to the tiny fishing village of La Parguera in the southwest corner of Puerto Rico, an excellent place for a skin diving vacation. A double room at the guest house costs only \$5.00 per day. All fishermen gather there, whether they use a spear or the antique rod and reel. Even the experts can use a little guidance in strange waters and there are plenty of qualified people at the guest house to provide it.

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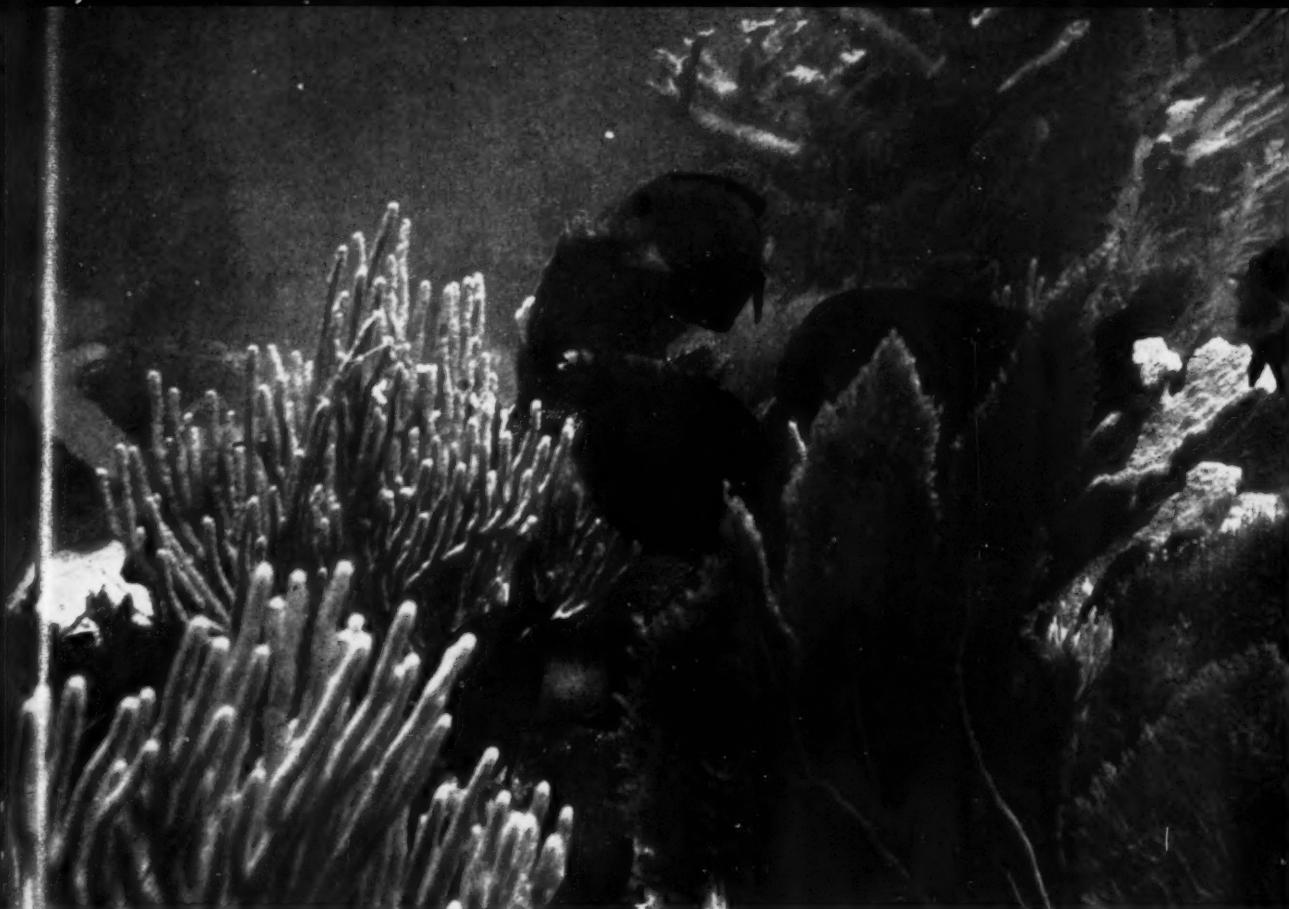
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Beautiful underwater scenery of sea fans and finger coral will greet the vacationing diver in most regions of the Florida Keys and in the Caribbean. Above scene is typical. Photo by Don Renn for the Florida Frogman.

Parguera is Mayaguez, which is becoming as popular for underwater treasure hunting as for spearfishing. No one has yet surfaced with a coffer full of gold, but evidence of ancient shipwreck has been found there recently. Two underwater explorers are now in the process of tracing the origin of an old bell they came across with an inscription in French, only part of which is legible after hundreds of years at the bottom of the sea.

The main attraction of the underwater world around Puerto Rico is still fish though, and the fact that here the sport can be enjoyed all year round. Temperatures, even in the winter, range in the balmy 74 to 80 degree bracket and water temperatures average only slightly lower.

Six hours from the streets of New York for as little as \$140.80 gets you to San Juan and back by plane. If there's no room in your luggage for gear, carry it on board with you. A lung may look like curious traveling apparel when you leave New York this time of year, but in Puerto Rico it's de rigueur. You're in the skin diving center of the Western world. »

## Guaymas, Mexico

By ERNESTO ZARAGOZA

**Condition of water** — The diving season starts in Guaymas during the month of April and extends as a general rule until October. This year we are expecting the water to warm earlier than usual due to the mild winter we have had. As you know the water here never gets too extremely cold.

**Availability of fish** — The months of March and April are generally windy, and murky water is common. However, some large fish are available. Large grouper and giant white bass have already made their appearance close to the shore. All kinds of fish are plentiful during the warmer summer months.

**Supply of air** — There is an excellent, large compressor in operation at Veneno's Place on the Miramar strip. Air prices are \$1.50 for 38 cubic feet and \$2.00 for 70 cubic feet.

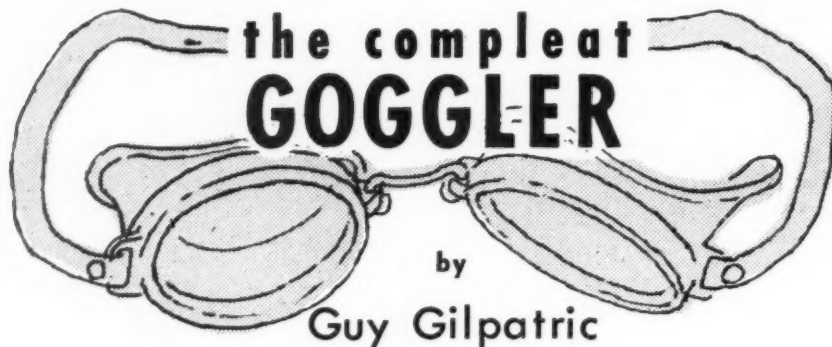
**Boats and motors** — Boats and motors can be rented at Veneno's Place where special effort is made to accommodate skin divers. Fourteen foot boats can be rented with fifteen horsepower motors for \$10.00 per day, plus gas. Available also is a 22 foot rough sea commercial fishing canoe which is ideally suited for large groups of skin divers.

**Hotel accommodations** — A diver can stay at a hotel paying from \$3.25 to \$7.70 per day. A modern hotel with restaurant and bar service, with all rates European plan. There is also a trailer court.

**Diving equipment** — The Puerto de Guaymas located in Guaymas and several other stores carry a large assortment of skin diving equipment and replacement parts; in many cases, prices are lower than in the States. »



INSTALLMENT NUMBER FOUR  
AN EXCLUSIVE FOR "SKIN DIVER" READERS!!



The first book written on our Underwater  
Sport—by a master of the pen!!

THE COMPLEAT GOGGLER being the first and only exhaustive treatise on the art of goggle fishing, that most noble and excellent sport perfected and popularized by Guy Gilpatric in the Mediterranean Sea, though long practiced elsewhere by other benighted savages. Setting forth the proper manner of making the goggles, spears and other gadgets together with descriptions of many marvels witnessed upon the bottom of the sea and fully exposing the author's cunning methods of swimming, diving and spearing fish and octopi. First published by Dodd, Mead and Company, New York, 1934. All rights reserved.

Installment Number One — March 1956 issue

Chapter I — Genesis

Chapter II — Merou

Installment Number Two — April 1956 Issue

Chapter III — Octopus

Chapter IV — Goggles

Installment Number Three — May 1956 Issue

Chapter V — Spears

Chapter VI — Swimming and Diving

Chapter VII — Guns

Installment Number Four — June 1956 issue

Chapter VIII — Fish

Chapter IX — Gadgets

Chapter X — Cooking

Chapter XI — Garglings of a Garrulous Goggler

#### CHAPTER VIII

### Fish

"Nay the Royal Society have found and published lately, that there be thirty and three kinds of spiders; and yet all, for aught I know, go under that one general name of spider. And it is so with many kinds of fish. . . ."

Izaak Walton

THE tale runs that on the Seventh Day of this world, the Almighty, resting after his labors of creating the beasts of the land, the birds of the air and the fish of the sea, summoned St. Peter unto him and said, "Behold, these are the mani-

fold creatures of my fashioning, and a right tidy job they are, though I do say it as shouldn't. The only troubles is, now that I've made them, I can't think what to call them."

"Leave that to me!" said St. Peter, and forthwith lied him thence across the surface of the still slightly-palpitant mud ball, pencil and notebook in hand. Throughout the long day he toiled. Along toward supper-time he returned, tired but pleased with himself, and submitted his list to the master.

"Hum," said the Lord, running his eye down the long columns of names. "Ostrich? Ostrich, eh? Well, ostrich is a pretty good name, at that. Yes, ostrich is O.K. . . . Goat? Yes, goat, to be sure! Check on goat. Dog?—Ah, dog's a fine, simple name, and so's this next one. Cat. And Hip—Hippo—wait!—Hippopotamus—why, it fits him to a T!" But then, suddenly, Jahveh paused and tapped the paper with his finger. A frown was on his brow. "Elephant?" he mumbled. "Elephant . . . m'm well, now I just don't seem to-er-to spark on that one! No, frankly, I must confess I can't see why you ever called it elephant!"

Now, if the good St. Peter had only stuck to this system when he got around to naming the fishes, writing a fishing book would be ever so much simpler. But the sad and confusing fact is that many fish have names which don't fit them at all; many have the same name and, to make matters worse, a single fish will be known by as many as thirty different and inappropriate names along a short stretch of coast. At Antibes, where I live, the *Pagellus Mormyrus* is called a Mourme; at Cannes, five miles distant he is a Morney, while further to the west he is a Pagell and a Tinié. Now, we have a Pagell in our neighborhood, but he is a different fish altogether, so you see how complicated it is. On the coast of Provence the Mackerel is variously known as Macquereau, Auriol, Veira, Aurneu and Grieu, while just across in Corsica he is a Tumbulottu and a Strumbulu. In Roumania, they call him a Vrnut, which I shouldn't think he'd relish at all.

The *Morone Labrax*, or Sea Bass, is known in France as the Loup, which means Wolf. Now a Wolf, you'd naturally suppose, would have plenty of teeth and would look something like the beast which Red Riding Hood mistook for her grandmother; but Grandmother would be a better name for this fish because he hasn't a tooth in his head. I don't know why we Americans call him Bass, nor why the Yugoslavs call him a Smudut. I don't know what Smudut means, if anything, but it sounds more like him than his other names. (The Yugoslavs, incidentally, have

their own ideas about naming fish. They call the Anchovy a Brgljum and the Dorade a Grbic. The **Box Salpa** they call a Bugga, which is nothing short of libellous.)

Of course the scientific Latin names are the same in all countries, but they are so unwieldy that nobody uses them. If I was swimming along beside you and wanted to tell you a Dorade was coming into range, I would first have to think of **Pagellus Centrodontus** and then I would have to pronounce it. By the time you understood it, and dived for him, the Dorade would be over in Corsica. If I were to shout "**Engraulis Engraulis-holus!**" I wouldn't blame you for dropping your spear and sprinting for shore, because the Anchovy's Latin name is three as long and a million times more fearsome than the little wiggler himself. Some of the scientific names are really pretty silly. There is one handsome fish which is known, ichthyologically, as the **Box Boops**, which sounds like an American radio comedian being witty. I do not know what professor named this fish **Box Boops**, but I fear he was a chump.—Perhaps his own name was Boops and if so, it served him right.

Now I haven't the slightest idea of what kinds of fish you have in your neighborhood, but even if I were sure that they were the very same kinds we have here, I couldn't tell you how to stalk them unless I knew your set of local names. Thus, I can only attempt to give you a sketchy idea of the principles of fish stalking, leaving it up to you to study your fish and learn their habits. **For knowing your fish is one of the most important parts of goggling.**

The easiest time to spear a fish is while he is eating. If you see a fish swimming along near the bottom, pausing from time to time and obviously hunting for food, follow him. If he sees you and speeds up, don't press him; keep him just in sight and let him get used to you. Swim down fairly close to him and then ostentatiously sheer off; this will make him believe that you are just a big harmless slob and put him off his guard. When he finally locates what he's looking for and tilts down his head to eat, go after him. As he sees you coming, he will bristle up his dorsals to frighten you and will gobble his food like a pig in order to prevent your getting any of it. Advance until your spear point is within eighteen inches of him—or as much closer as you judge he'll let you come—and zip, let him have it! It is not unusual to stalk a big fish for half or three quarters of an hour, taming him and getting him used to you; needless to say, it is an extremely delicate and thrilling sport, and one of the finest parts of goggling.

If you care to, you can ground-bait your fish and lure them into some particular spot where the conditions are favorable to yourself, but we don't consider this to be sporting and so we rarely resort to it. Crushed mussels, sea urchins and clams make good ground bait, as the smell of them penetrates the water rapidly and for great distances. Small octopi are good bait, too; they are hard to chew and swallow, and so the fish will be pretty busy choking down his meal when you dive at him.

When you are swimming close to rocks (and then is the time to keep your eye peeled for octopi) look into the cracks very carefully, because they often harbor fine, big fish. If you see a fish in there and realize that he has seen you without liking your looks, keep right on going and get out of his sight before he decides to hide. Once beyond the edge of the crack, dive down to what you judge to be his level, swim back and poke him while he's still watching the spot where you disappeared.

Often, as you approach a big rock standing like a house on the bottom, you'll see a fish just disappearing behind the far side of it. If you can figure his speed and his probable course, you can dive to encounter him as he comes around the corner. As he meets you face to face, you have only a split second in which to spear him. This is always a great surprise to the fish, and makes a very satisfactory shot.

Some fish, notably the bass, are of an inquisitive disposition, and it often leads to their undoing. Time and again a bass will swim straight toward you, right on your own level; but as a rule,

he won't come within range unless you stop. When he sees you hesitate, and even retreat a little, he thinks you're afraid of him. He swims nearer, nearer and, nine times out of ten, attempts to pass under you. As you see him heading down to do this, blow out your air and sink toward him. As your paths meet, paste him on the back. Be sure to aim far forward; the bass makes such a quick getaway when he sees a spear coming that unless you aim for his nose, you'll hit him on the tail—if at all. It usually happens that this shot is made with your head straight down and your feet straight up. If the fish has already passed under you, you will have to lunge from a negative angle (head down and body tilted backward) which is difficult but very sporting.

There are some fish (and again, particularly the bass) which will give you two shots at them. If the fish is swimming past or under you and you miss him with your lunge, he will dart away on a circular course and come right back to his starting point—as a rule, so fast that you haven't time to get ready for him. He comes back in this way to see what it was that zipped by so close to him; he keeps his eye on the spear head, and is obviously quite annoyed with it. He stays only for an instant, but right then, if you're fast enough, you can paste him and get him. Sometimes, you can take advantage of this peculiarity to bring a fish into range. If, when you are about to make your first try at him you see that he is a little too far away to hit, feint at him without fully extending yourself and without really intending to hit him. Then—quick! draw your spear well back, and when he comes around again to protest, let him have it!

Some fish, like the sar, sargue or sargus (call him what you like; we have a particularly nasty name for him) are so cowardly that there isn't much use trying to spear them unless they hide in the rocks—and then, you're very likely to break the point of your spear. The sar is such a panicky fool that he imparts his fear to all the decent fish in the neighborhood, and thus spoils the sport. Often and often I have been swimming along with no thought of spearing a sar when one of them has started panicking around, darting hither and yon, rolling his eyes in terror and otherwise making an ass of himself. Travelling at terrific speed, this maniac, in trying to get out of my way, has zipped directly into range, and with a loud submarine hosannah, I have given him the works. I wouldn't go out of my way to spear one of these louts, but I know of no greater satisfaction than helping one to commit suicide. Apparently Izaak Walton didn't like the sar either, for in **The Compleat Angler** I find this quotation from Du Bartas:

The adulterous sargus doth not only change  
Wives every day, in the deep streams, but strange!  
As if the honey of sea-love delight  
Could not suffice his raging appetite,  
Goes courting she-goats on the grassy shore,  
Hornng their husbands that had horns before.

I can testify that this is sheer poetic nonsense. The sar is always too busy getting out of somebody's way to give any thought to the tender passions, and as for that stuff about goats—well, even the most wanton goat would decline to have anything to do with him.

The mullet—a fish I believe is found pretty much everywhere—is very difficult to spear until you get the hang of it, but then it is a cinch. In our neighborhood the mullet is a fine, strong, black-backed fellow; he runs in groups of six or eight, as a rule, although sometimes there'll be gangs of twenty or thirty. The mullet swims right along the bottom or close to the surfaces of rocks, moving fast and eating as he travels. His mouth is moving all the time. If you dive down behind mullets and swim along after them, the chances are you won't be able to catch up. The trick is to start from the side, over terrain which you see will cause them to turn toward and pass under you. Pick out the biggest in the bunch and go for him, forgetting about the rest. If you are lucky, you can get him while he still has his eyes and his mind on food; but even in the instant that



he spots you and starts to get away, you have a good chance of poking him. Poke hard, as hard as you can—straight down through his back, if possible. This fish has big broad scales, tough as a Senegalese's toenails, and he is very slimy; a thrust which strikes at an angle will probably glance right off him. Even a straight thrust will shove a scale clear through him; you'll find it firmly fixed on your spear point later. If you get a mullet through the belly, you will probably lose him. The flesh of his belly is extremely soft, and he will tear himself off your harpoon line.

Almost invariably, wounded fish will go down and hide in the weeds; or under rocks if there are any around. A fish in the weeds is nearly always lost; you can mark the exact spot where he disappeared, but it isn't much use because he keeps on swimming through the weed roots. Sometimes, other fish will locate him for you; they hover over the wounded one and point like bird dogs. But you can't actually see him, and only by a lucky blind shot can you get him.

Occasionally you will strike a fish a terrific wallop, but land on a bone or a gill plate and not penetrate him. This knocks him cuckoo and puts him completely out of control. Moving faster than you can see, he loops the loop, chases his tail, swoops, dives, bangs his head on the bottom, and stages an exhibition of acrobatics so spectacular that you forget to swim to the surface and just hang there, watching him. It is well, however, to pull your knees up over your stomach and keep your spear, your knife, or both pointed in his general direction; for when a big fish plunges into you head first, he feels like the hoof of an army mule and can knock the wind clean out of you.

It is an axiom with us that a wounded fish is the hardest fish to spear. Even when he is eighty percent disabled and moving slowly, his course is erratic and unpredictable, and you can take poke after poke at him without making hay. When he is moving fast, it's like trying to spear fireworks. One day at Anthéor, Mr. Owen O'Connor took a poke at an enormous loup and landed somewhere on the side of its head. The spear didn't penetrate, but the force of the blow knocked the loup punch drunk. He bent himself into a crescent and went swimming around and around in less than his own length. He was going so fast that Mr. O'Connor could not distinguish his head from his tail; in fact, the general effect was that of an eel with his tail in his mouth. Apparently the fish thought he was speeding toward Algeria, but actually he was staying right in the same place. Mr. O'Connor lunged, missed, lunged and lunged again. Every time, his spear went through the center of the circle, as though it were thrust through a spinning hoop. At the fifth or sixth poke, he banged the loup—but again, alas, on the head. At the shock of the blow, the fish straightened out and departed like a streak for Corsica, Sardinia and points south.

Mr. Kramarenko, inventor of the gun, shot a big mullet just behind the head, knocking him cold. He brought the fish ashore, took the arrow out of him and was just about to reload his gun when the mullet came to, flopped into the water, and swam away. Unfortunately, the arrow had put his diving mechanism completely out of whack, and so, although he could swim with an astounding velocity, he was unable to force himself beneath the surface. He headed out to sea, throwing spray like a speed boat, while Mr. Kramarenko and his friends stood watching him in wonder and chagrin. But suddenly the mullet's steering mechanism, too, went out of kilter; he turned, streaked back toward shore, hit the sand at full speed and slid right up onto dry land at Mr. Kramarenko's feet. (This story is covered by an unconditional money-back guarantee.)

The stingray, which grows to considerable size, is easy

enough to spear and often puts up a good scrap, but I do not advise you to fool with him with a detachable head harpoon. Swooping around on your line, he might easily jab you with his tail, and anybody who has ever been stung will tell you a ray isn't worth the risk. The same thing applies to the moray.

To me, the moray is an even more repulsive citizen than the octopus. He hangs around deep crevices and under rocks; he has a mouthful of needle teeth and his bite is venomous. I once did some shark fishing off Bermuda with a Negro who told me that his father had lost a leg as the result of a moray bite. This fellow felt so deeply on the subject of morays that whenever, by accident, I hooked a big one, he would cut the line before I could get it near the boat. I was using his tackle, so you can see he was genuinely scared. One of the Roman emperors had a swimming pool stocked with hundreds of morays, and whenever he was giving a party for the boys from out of town, he used to liven things up by throwing a couple of Nubian slaves into the pool for the morays to eat. **Vive le sport!**

And now about sharks. In his chapter on "The Kingdom of the Helmet" in *Half Mile Down*, Dr. Beebe says:

"After we have dived hundreds of times we learn to discount the fears upon which we have been nurtured since childhood. And when the needless terrors . . . of the imputed malignity of octopi, sharks and barracudas have ceased to trouble our supreme delight . . . we begin to appreciate the real significance of our achievement."

I am sorry that I cannot agree with Dr. Beebe about the octopus. Of barracudas I know nothing. My experience with sharks has been negligible, but I do believe that comparatively few species of them are dangerous—even though all of them look it. In our Mediterranean waters there are enormous sharks called *pelerins*—brutes fifteen to twenty feet long—but with teeth so small that they couldn't bruise a custard pie. I have been in the water (and a few feet directly underneath) a pair of the reputedly ferocious blue sharks and seen them depart in pitiable panic. Mr. Jack Heaton says that when goggling off Tahiti, he met several "man-killers" face to face; remembering the natives' advice as to how to proceed in such circumstances, he swam toward them in a tough and menacing manner, and simply chased them out of his way.

I will not say that nobody has ever been bitten by a shark, because there is abundant evidence that plenty of people have been eaten raw. I do say that most sharks won't bother you. It is prudent to keep an eye peeled behind you, and to trail your catch of fish on a line long enough to leave a comfortable distance between them and you in case a shark decides to go for them; but prudence is part of ordinary horse sense, and should be applied in all departments of goggling. I think it is a good idea always to keep sharks in mind and always to worry about them—but not too much!

As a rule, there are certain "old inhabitant" fish in every neighborhood; these are usually rock fish, and after you have taken a couple of pokes at them, they get pretty smart and go indoors whenever they see you coming. It is well not to fish in one spot too long or too often, or all the game will move out. Whenever five or six of us fish together, we shift our territory at least once in the course of the day, and we usually let fished territory rest for at least a week before trying it again. Of course, if you are lucky enough to find a place like the Straits of Messina where the fish are nearly always "in passage"—schools of new ones, as well as individuals, swimming through every day—you don't have to worry about this.

We have found that fishing along beaches is usually pretty poor sport, and that the best game is to be found around rocky headlands and reefs. If you can find a place where the sea bottom suddenly comes up in steps or ledges from a great depth and then flattens fifteen or twenty feet under the surface before it finally climbs out and becomes dry land, you are pretty likely



to get some sport. In the yellow kelp where the sea hits the rocks and seethes like soda water, there are almost certain to be bass; in the rock crevices beneath will be *serre*, *tourde*, *merou* . . . but there's no use giving the French names, or even the Antibes names, when, as we've seen, they don't mean anything anywhere else. For several years, now, we have kept away from beaches—even uninhabited ones. "Popular" beaches, with their speed boats, cloudy water and filthy crowds, are of course quite out of the question.

While in the chapter on swimming and diving I warned against splashing and other disturbance and noise, there is one time when you can splash to good advantage. Mr. Courtois discovered that when he was swimming near rocks or other places where fish ought to be, but apparently weren't, he could bring them out of hiding by slapping the water a couple of blows with the palm of his hand. This should not be overdone, of course; the idea is to make fish—and especially bass—think that the other fish are chasing food and jumping on the surface.

Use this stunt when necessary; the rest of the time, bear in mind Izaak Walton's sagest admonition:—

"STUDY TO BE QUIET!"

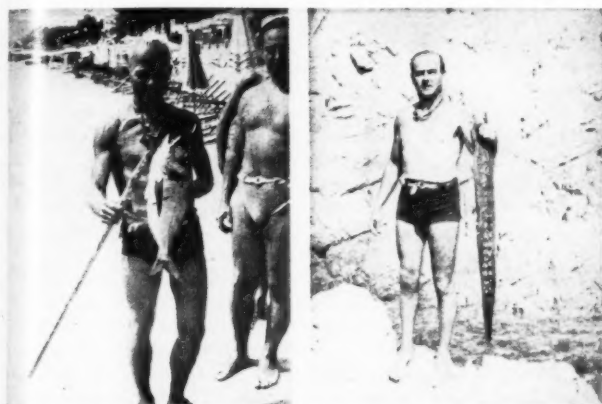


Fig. 27—G. G. shows a five-toothed *Fouine* which is only a little over four feet long. Fig. 28— . . . but it is imprudent to use a short spear for a nasty customer like this moray, caught by Mr. Mrozowicki at Cap Taillat.

## CHAPTER IX

### Gadgets

" . . . I find that everything you can do without is something gain in life".

R. B. Cunningham Graham

To my way of thinking, one of the greatest beauties of goggling is the primitive simplicity of the equipment. With a pair of goggles and a spear—at the most, five dollars' worth—you are all set to enjoy a sport which, on the word of men who have tried them all, beats tiger shooting, deep-sea angling, flying, gun-running, skiing, fencing, bull-fighting, surf-riding, safe-blowing, and mountain-climbing twenty ways from the jack. Ear plugs and nose clips are precautionary, but not necessary; a sheath knife is handy but you can get along without it; and if you work from a lonely coast, you don't need even a pair of swimming trunks. So what could be simpler?

I resent anything that tends to complicate the sport of goggling; and so, I hope, will you. Still, there are a few gadgets that you'd probably like to know about.

When you first start swimming with goggles, trying to get used to holding your face under water for four or five strokes and then lifting it out to breathe, you will probably say to yourself that it ought to be a cinch to make a breathing tube through which to get air all the time. Well it is a cinch. I made one many years ago, using a length of flexible metal-covered

tubing with a mouthpiece carved from a rubber heel; a flange on this mouthpiece fitted under the lips and the "nozzle," proper, was held between the teeth. Now, this gadget worked well enough for slow swimming in calm water, but I couldn't use it for fishing. If I turned my head to see what was in back of me, I'd ship a lungful of water down the tube; if I swam fast I couldn't get enough air to supply my needs, and had not only to lift my face out but to remove the tube from my mouth in order to get my breath. When a quick dive was necessary, I lost time getting the mouthpiece clear; my speed under water was cut down by the resistance of the tube, and I was bothered by the feel of it. And so I abandoned the tube for fishing. But if you don't want to fish and just plan to go sightseeing along the surface, a breathing tube is a very useful gadget. Make a mouthpiece that will really stay in your mouth, and use a tube that sticks up high enough above the surface to preclude the water entering. The whole thing might well be rigged to a cap which ties under your chin.

Mr. Steve Butler, the English librarian of Juan-les-Pins, made himself a gadget with which he often swims an hour at a stretch without lifting his head for air. It is simply a tube which curves around from his mouth and sticks up out of the water above the back of his head, like a periscope. He either ties it around his neck or holds it in place with wide rubber bands. Due to his rather considerable coefficient of buoyancy, Mr. Butler is unable to dive fast enough to spear fish, and uses this device for hunting mermaids.

Another gadget you are almost certain to think of is the breathing tube which will enable you to walk about on the bottom—or so you fondly hope. This consists of a length of hose with a mouthpiece at one end and a float—say a two-gallon tin—to support the other end on the surface of the water. You put on a quick-detachable belt weighted with lead (sinkers from the lower edge of a fish net, strung on cord, will serve) put your mouthpiece in place, and march into the water. In, you go; the surface closes over your head; you are walking on the bottom, inhaling through the tube and exhaling through your nostrils. But before you have gone either far or deep, you find that it takes a lot of muscular effort to drag the air down through the tube; you become conscious of the weight of water bearing in upon your chest and ribs; you feel yourself running out of air—so you cast loose your weights, shoot up to the surface, and charge it to experience. For, promising though the gadget may look, it is useless in anything but very shallow water, and not much use there.

A couple of years ago Mr. Mrozowicki felt that he was losing fish through not being able to dive after them fast enough, and so he fashioned a sort of devil's rosary of lead sinkers which he wore around his waist. I forget just how much this weighed, but anyway, it enabled him to plunge down with terrific speed. As was to be expected, it rather delayed his return to the surface, but Mr. Mrozowicki has excellent wind, so this didn't bother him. The trouble was that it tired him out when swimming; a half mile, wearing that belt, felt like five miles without it. He had to keep his hands and feet constantly on the move in order to remain afloat. He was unable to relax—there was the trouble!

Of course there are various types of simple diving apparatus with which you can really stroll around on the bottom, and they are neither difficult to make nor expensive to buy. The most familiar one is that worn (and I think, invented) by Dr. William Beebe; this looks something like the upper end of a small copper boiler, and is manufactured in the United States. I am sorry that I do not know the manufacturer's name, but I believe that the sporting-goods firm of Abercrombie & Fitch, New York, can give you details. Messrs. Siebe, Gorman & Co., Ltd., of London, manufacture a very similar apparatus. The great drawback to all helmets of this type is that they work on the principle of an inverted drinking tumbler shoved down into the water; if the tumbler is shoved down straight, no water



enters, but if it is tilted sideways, the air escapes and the water rushes in. Thus, wearing one of these helmets, if you stumble and fall, or even if you lean over too far, you are certain to get your hair wet. The thing to do, then, is lift off the helmet and shoot up to the surface. It is unwise to wear lead shoes or belt weights with a helmet of this type; have all the weights on the helmet itself, so that, once clear of it, there is nothing to hold you down.

My knowledge of diving apparatus is superficial; I have never been especially interested in using it, because the air exhaust from the helmet, respirator or mask, as the case may be, makes much noise and the bubbles rise in a sparkling column—all of which frightens the fish. The usual stunt of divers who want to scare away sharks or other fish that are annoying them is to open the helmet valve for a second or so, there is a terrific blub-blubby-blubb, a galaxy of bubbles, and away go the visitors. I have swum down beside a diver when his standard Siebe-Gorman outfit was exhausting in a normal fashion, to hear at first hand what it sounded like to the fish. The noise was considerable, reminding me of a flatulent elephant forgetting himself in a swimming pool.

Now, although I have said that exhaust air tends to frighten the fish and Prof. Luigi Miraglia, in his *Nuovo Sistema di Osservazione e di Caccia Subacquea*, states a similar belief and his own preference for goggles. Dr. Beebe long since abandoned goggles for the helmet; so there you are. But I think I am safe in saying that a man with a diving apparatus of any kind will have more difficulty in approaching and spearing fish than will a swimmer with goggles. Dr. Beebe has used catapults and guns for collecting specimens and now uses a dynamite cap on the end of a rod; even Commandant Le Prieur, enjoying full freedom of motion in his self-contained apparatus, with no pipe-and-line trailing in the water and no boat above him, uses his formidable Nautilus gun.

Commandant Le Prieur's apparatus like all his inventions, is notable for its neatness and utter simplicity. The frame and head-straps of the mask are of rubber; you can put it on or take it off as easily as your hat. The steel cylinder of compressed air is strapped to you by means of a parachute harness (Commandant Le Prieur is an old time flier) and is instantly detachable. You regulate your air supply with a handily-placed valve; the gauges on top of the bottle tell you just what you're using and how much air you have left. If you feel like making the experiment, you can shove your finger between your face and the mask, let the water flow in up to the level of your nose, and then, by opening the air supply valve a trifle, blow all the water out of the mask again.

With the Prieur apparatus, you can ballast yourself to weigh five or six pounds when you are submerged, and then, with this slight negative buoyancy, you can swim, soar, hover and dart like a fish. Letting yourself settle to the bottom, you leap like a kangaroo, turn ten-foot somersaults, balance yourself on one finger, and actually practice, wide awake, all those marvellous evolutions which hitherto you have accomplished only in your dreams. The peaceful blue submarine *mise en scène* perfectly completes the dream illusion. I wonder if those dreams that all of us have are really due, as the learned doctors tell us, to something we must of it; and I find it easier and pleasanter to believe that they are hangovers from the paleozoic days "When you were a tadpole and I was a fish."

The Prieur system has a great advantage over the open-bottom "copper-kettle" helmet in that you can get your air supply in every position, even when you're upside down. It has the further advantage of being self-contained. You need no boat,

no pump, no lines nor hoses, no assistants. You can amble along wherever you want to go, at depths down to thirty or forty feet. Your air supply lasts between twenty minutes and half-an-hour—not very long, but enough for an interesting stroll and some good hunting, if you have a gun. The air bottle is easily recharged with a compressor pump, such as is used in garages for inflating tires. Commandant Le Prieur has a compressor on board his boat and always keeps a few charged cylinders in reserve.

I think it was in 1912 that Mr. Maurice Fernex invented his diving respirator; with certain improvements, it has been in use ever since in the French colonies, in the Greek sponge industry, in Paris, where the police wear it when hunting bodies of suicides and murdered people in the St. Owen Canal, and, of course, by ship-yard mechanics, sportsmen and hopeful treasure seekers everywhere. It is a thoroughly time-tested and practical device.

Its principal element is a U-shaped metal tube which looks something like a jazz band instrument; this is held against your face at the level of your mouth by a broad fabric strap around your neck. At the center of the bend in the U is a rubber mouth-piece which fits between your lips and your teeth. The left-hand end of the U, where it curves back above your shoulder, is connected to a non-collapsible flexible tube; this runs down your back to your belt, connecting with the air hose leading up to the supply pump on the surface. The right-hand end of the U terminates in a rubber flap-valve; air can escape through this valve, but no water can enter it. A nose clip, a pair of standard Fernex goggles and a quick-detachable weighted belt complete the outfit—except, of course, for the pump.

At all times and in whatever position you may assume under water, a stream of air is flowing through the U-shaped tube—in through the left-hand end and out through the flap-valve. You breathe in as much as you want of it; your exhalations pass out through the flap-valve with the surplus.

When a small hand pump is used, a rubber sac about the size of a football bladder is coupled between the air hose and the flexible tube which runs down your back; this sac acts something like the bladder of a bagpipe in assuring a steady flow of air to the respirator. With a larger or motor-driven pump, this sac is not necessary.

#### Cameras

With half the world gone batty on the subject of photography, you may feel impelled to try some shots at the fishes. The easiest way to do it is with a movie camera enclosed in a watertight brass or galvanized iron box with sights on the top. At one end of the box is a hole with a piece of ordinary glass in it, while on the right-hand side is another hole covered with a sheet of rubber to form a sort of limp diaphragm. By pressing on this diaphragm, you can touch and release the camera trigger. Focus and aperture have to be set in advance. I give no details, because they depend upon the type of camera and the transparency of the water. The basic principle is simple, but of course a certain amount of experimentation is necessary before you can count on results.

With a rig of this sort, Commandant Le Prieur has taken some fine pictures of fish, divers, and naval salvage operations. He is now working on a box for his Leica, with some remarkably ingenious devices for winding, focusing, adjusting aperture and shutter speed, etc.

## CHAPTER X Cooking

"... I have one request to make to you, which is that as you have taught me to catch fishes, you will now teach me how to dress them."

Izaak Walton

One morning in the Year of Our Lord 1912 (for, even so recently, time was still reckoned on that quaint basis) the bright

banners of Grimaldi and Romanov billowed side by side above the portals of the Institut Océanographique de Monaco, while the Monégasque troops, all twenty of them, stood at attention on either side of a strip of red carpet laid down the center of the broad marble steps.

After a wait of hardly more than three hours, a squadron of Mercedes cars roared up the hill, tore through the gardens, and shrieked to a stop before the Museum. A band struck up the Russian national anthem. The troops presented arms. Out of the foremost car stepped a man who, if he hadn't been the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia, could easily have held down a job as giant in any sideshow in the land; two years later, he commanded the Russian Army so intelligently that something like 2,000,000 of his fellow-countrymen were knocked off as fast as the Germans could load and squeeze their triggers. This noble but swollen honunculus was greeted by Prince Albert of Monaco, founder of the Institut and one of the world's greatest oceanographers.

Escorted by the aged Prince and trailed by his Cossacks, the nobles of his entourage and the odor of choice vodka, the Grand Duke lurched into the main corridor of the aquarium. And there, behind crystal walls, were living corals, splendid waving plants, medusae like opals, and great fish like hovering tropical birds.

The Grand Duke halted in his tracks, swaying slightly. "By God!" he gasped. "It's—superb!"

"I am honored that it pleases Your Imperial Highness," murmured the Prince-Savant, bowing and rubbing his hands. "Note, if you please, that green-backed fish—I refer to the specimen with silver sides which . . ."

"Yes, yes!" said the Grand Duke hurriedly. "What is he?"

"He is the *Salmo trutta Albertus*, or Salmon Trout. In maturity attaining a length of eighty centimetres, he . . ."

"Salmon trout?—Well, by God, I knew it!" roared the Grand Duke. "The only way to cook him is in white wine, with a little thyme and bay leaves finely chopped. Let him simmer over a slow fire for twenty-two minutes, no more and no less; then rub him with garlic, salt and butter and roll him in bread crumbs. By God! Yes, yes! Splendid! What else have you got, Prince?"

"This," said Prince Albert, ushering his august guest along to the next tank. "This is the *Gadus merlangus*, or Whiting. Your Imperial Highness will observe that although this fish has three dorsals, he . . ."

"Whiting?" bellowed the Duke, delightedly. "By God! Why, I've got a chef who knows how to cook Whiting so it fairly brings tears to your eyes! Magnificent chef! Magnificent fish! Magnificent aquarium, Prince! I say, have you got any sole? And any bass—nice, plump ones, I mean? And any decent gurnards? You have? Well, by God, I congratulate you! I'll bring that chef of mine over some morning when I've got more time, and between us, by God, Prince, he and I'll tell you how to cook every damned fish in the aquarium!"

Albert 1st of Monaco survived until 1922, but he never was quite the same. From where I sit writing this, I can look down into the gardens of the Grand Duke Nicholas's old estate. What once were lawns rolling down to the Gulf of Juan are now market gardens tilled by peasants; but near the palace there is a great square cement tank inhabited by fish of a kind I do not recognize. They are pallid, flaccid fish, ragged as to fins and patchy as to scales. All they get to eat is mosquitoes. Some of them, perhaps have been in there since before the war, and may have been brought clear from Holy Russia to grace the table of His Gluttonous Highness. On the side of the tank, a peasant has scrawled the insignia of sickle and hammer and the legend "*Votez Communiste!*"—So now, if you're all through gabbing for a minute, let's go on with the vital subject of fish cookery.

#### Fish à la Goggler

This miraculous formula, revealed to Mr. Mrozowski in a vision vouchsafed him as a sign of divine favor, works with fish



Fig. 31—Commandant Le Prieur, wearing his self-contained diving gear, demonstrates his Nautilus gun. The cylinder contains a half-hour's supply of compressed air. With this simple apparatus, the inventor and many others dive for sport, science and salvage.

of all kinds and all sizes from ten inches up. It is the way we cook our fish when we come out of the water at noon, on the red rocks of the Estérel or under the pines of the Lerin Islands.

First we clean the fish and clean him thoroughly. Then we scrape all his scales off. Meanwhile, we have a good, big fire going, the purpose of which is to prepare charcoal and embers to put under our iron grill. This grill, home-made of old harpoon shafts, we set on two rocks about eight inches above the bed of glowing charcoal.

We bathe the fish in olive oil, inside and out, and stuff his belly with a handful of oil-soaked thyme and laurel leaves. If there is any wild fennel about, we cut skewers of it and stick them into the fish here and there. We place the fish on the grill and every two minutes brush his upper side with a branch of thyme dipped in olive oil. We lay on the oil right generously.

We cook the fish on one side about twenty minutes, or until he looks black and burned; then we turn him over and, always brushing him with oil, give him fifteen minutes more. By this time he has sort of sooty crust on him. We take him off the fire and eat him—soot, crust and all. The wood smoke, the oil and the herbs have given him a flavor beyond description; the white, flaky meat falls away from the bones and . . . and . . . well, there is no finer way to cook a fish! An additional beauty of this method is that you can eat the fish without plates, forks and all such superfluities. Simply cut or break him up into big slabs and eat them as you would slabs of toast.

#### Octopus à la Nicoise

When the octopus is dead, which he rarely is, he doesn't look much better than he looks when he's alive, and you'd certainly never think that he was good to eat. Sometimes, the big fellows are pretty tough at that, but anything up to a yard across is delicious. Here's the way to prepare octopus à la Nicoise.

First turn the cowl, or body, inside out and remove the ink factory and other machinery you will find therein. You won't find much, for the octopus is a simple fellow, and not at all unpleasant to clean. Cut out the beak and the lump of gristle that surrounds it. Remove the eyes (and, if you care to, dry the hard, crystal-clear lenses in the sun, to string as beads when you get enough of them. They look something like opals or moonstones). Wash away all traces of ink. Wrap the octopus in a cloth and beat him with a mallet, potato-masher or chunk of fire wood. Beat him hard. Beat him plenty. Beat him some more. Then take a knife or, better still, a pair of big scissors, and cut off all the suction cups, giving them to the cat. Then snip the octopus into little pieces—body, tentacles and all. None of the pieces should be over an inch long; the smaller the better. Put this cut-up meat in a dry frying pan and cook it over a slow fire for half-an-hour. This will draw a lot of water out of the





meat. Throw the water away. Now make a tomato sauce with plenty of onions and garlic, and well-flavored with thyme, leeks, parsley and bay leaves. Cook the meat in this sauce for two or three hours, or until very tender. Add a tumbler of white wine, clear the decks, and go to it. As nearly as I can describe the taste, it is a cross between lobster and baked clams.

#### Cuttle and Squid

The cuttlefish and the squid may also be cooked à la Nioise, although most people prefer them fried. A fried cuttlefish tastes something like a soft shell crab, but vastly better. However you cook them, beat them first.

#### Soupions

If you like fried scallops (and if you don't, you'd better go get your taste re-tuned) you'll surely be a fool for soupions. Soupions are a little squid an inch or so long; it takes about a hundred of them to make a portion. Wash off all ink, heat the Soupions to draw the water out of them, dip them in flour and fry them in olive oil until they are a nice golden brown.—Better wear your goggles while you are frying them, though, because they pop like firecrackers and shoot hot oil all over the kitchen. Serve your soupions with Aioli, which is just about the best sauce for fried seafood of any kind.

It is really too bad that in America, all these delicious cephalopods should be scorned as mere Dago food, and either thrown away or used for bait or fertilizer by chronic belchers who yet eagerly choke down that horrific mass of muck known as a New England Boiled Dinner. Often, on the stern and rockbound coast of Massachusetts, I have seen thousands of fine, small squid trapped in tidal pools and left there to rot while the natives went home and treated their dyspepsia with salt pork and dough dumplings.

After all, the octopus, the squid and the cuttle are molluscs and, as such, are definitely related to the oyster. Raw, they aren't pleasant to look at; but neither is the Blue Point nor the Lynnhaven. No, I fear that snobbishness, not aesthetics, is what stands in the way of the cephalopods' culinary success in God's country.

#### Mussels

##### (Moules à la Marinière)

If it were ever whispered in some sections of the United States that a man was in the habit of eating mussels, the better element would rally in hoods and nightshirts, flog the pervert within an inch of his life and run him out of town. But at Toulon and Marseilles, as well as at many French ports on the Atlantic coast, the mussel industry is of great importance; and in the harbor of Barcelona I saw a regular village of houseboats, each one with hundreds of weighted strings let down in the water for the mussels to fasten and develop on. Now there is only one reason for the mussel's importance in the European scheme of life, and that is his utter deliciousness as food. Like other shellfish, he is at his best in months containing the letter R; he should be taken from clean water, and never eaten if he has been attached to iron piles, copper sheathing or other metal. The small-to-medium size ones are the best.

For each person, figure on about thirty mussels. Clean and scrape the shells thoroughly. Put them in an iron pot with a glass of wine, three carrots, one large onion in slices, chopped parsley, thyme and laurel, and four cloves of garlic. Add salt, pepper and a gob of butter the size of a walnut.

Cook on a hot fire, making sure the pot is well-covered. As soon as the mussels open, take them out of the pot and put them in a deep dish. Any that don't open should be thrown away. You will note that a lot of juice has come out of them

and is cooking with the other ingredients in the pot. Let this sauce cook very slowly over a low flame, just enough to retain its heat, for three or four minutes after you take out the mussels. Don't stir it.

Strain this sauce through a fine strainer, put it on the mussels, and there you are.

Just to show the company that you know your way around, use a pair of the empty shells (they hinge at the top, like sugar tongs) to eat your mussels with. It works better than a fork.

#### Fish à la Monte

I don't know the real name of this style of cooking fish, but my dog likes it this way as much as I do, so I have named it after him. Any decent sized fish can be cooked according to this recipe.

Cover the fish with water, a tumbler of white wine, sliced onions and a little bouquet made of thyme, bay leaves or any such aromatic herbs that you can scare up. Boil until tender. When cool, remove the skin and bones. Then make an ordinary white sauce and add to it a glass of white wine. Pour in the wine a little at a time, taking care that the sauce remains pleasantly thick. Put the pieces of fish in a flat baking dish, cover with the sauce and sprinkle on some bread crumbs and a little grated Parmesan or good stale dry Swiss cheese. If you have a can of French mushrooms kicking around, they make the fish look better, although they have no taste. Bake in the oven until brown on top; serve, and let your conscience be your guide.

#### Aioli Sauce

This is a fine sauce for any fried or baked fish. You simply make a mayonnaise and add to it some finely-crushed garlic.

#### Fish Soup

To my mind, the oft-sung bouillabaisse is much over-rated and more trouble than it's worth. This fish soup, while tasting about the same, seems to me to be a better dish and is ten times easier to make.

In the iron pot, brown some onions in a big piece of butter. Add three large peeled tomatoes. Add your fish—in slices if big, whole if small. When tomatoes and fish are well cooked, add two quarts of water, some thyme and some parsley. Stir the whole business thoroughly, then remove fish and pass the liquid through a strainer.

Take the best chunks of the fish, bone them and put them back in the soup.

At the moment of serving, put in plenty of pepper and some thick rounds of buttered toast about the size of a silver dollar.—Or better yet, spread the toast with Aioli.

#### Octopus Soup

Clean and beat the octopus as described for Octopus à la Nioise. Boil him until he is tender. Take him out of the water, hold him by the body and tear his skin off. Throw the water away. In an iron pot, brown some onions in butter, add three big peeled tomatoes, three quarts of water, thyme, parsley, a pinch of saffron, salt, and plenty of pepper.

Chop octopus in small pieces and put him in the liquid. Boil for a long time, until the whole thing thickens to the consistency of a stew.

#### "Deet, Garcong! The Cart Dee Vang, Silver Plate!"

Looking over some copies of those elegant American monthly publications which appear to be printed in dental gold on celluloid shirt bosoms. I find that the Grand Republic, which was surely at its grandest and gaudiest in the Old King Coolidge days when it was guzzling bedbug gin direct from the jug, has now become so effete and wine-wise that a dining citizen has difficulty in ordering what he really wants to drink without violating the dicta of hacks and ad-men, or offending the fine sensibilities of a headwaiter. But let all Americans reflect that the scribes, writing for a living, are not to be taken seriously, and that the headwaiter, flushed out of some Palermo rathole by the Fascisti in the early Nineteen-twenties, first achieved his exquisite connoisseurship of vintages through drinking vinegar with copper soldi in it, and later, by riding as shotgun guard on

an Illinois beer truck. Let us reflect these things, I say, and then order what we damned well please.

From the several American dithyrambs I troubled to read more than halfway through, I learned that the horn-rimmed boys are still preaching the white-wine-with-all-fish fallacy. Well, if you like white wine with all fish, go ahead and drink it and see if I care; but if, as is probable, you feel that white wine isn't quite the thing to lubricate a thick dark-brown tunny steak (for example), then order yourself a bottle of any decent red wine and don't let anybody's sneery theory stop you. A number of people who were born neither yesterday nor in the Bronx believe that red wine is indicated with many fish no matter how cooked; with most fish properly grilled and therefore tasting wood-smoky; and with all fish stewed in dark, herb-flavored sauces.

Sometimes, at noon, we land on the Ille St. Honorat to grill our fish, stopping in at the monastery store, which is in charge of a bluff Trappist brother relieved of his vows of perpetual silence that he may render solace to fishermen thirsty and sore beset. He renders it at six francs a bottle—at present exchange, about 24 cents. It is a red wine from the monastery's own vines, which are descended from cuttings brought from Rome by St. Patrick and planted by him when he stopped off here to practice chasing snakes on his way home to Ireland. That was in A. D. 451. In the ensuing centuries (you can read the tale in the smoke-blackened rock fireplaces built all along the water's edge) eastbound Crusaders, hawk-nosed Moorish pirates, spade-bearded Spaniards, tar-wigged English frigate masters, Monégasque, Corsican and Sardinian poachers, honest fishermen from Cannes, Antibes and Nice and, recently, a gang of polyglot savages with goggles and spears, have landed on St. Honorat, grilled their fish and washed it down with this good red wine. And sometimes, as we lie there under the trees, a steaming slab of dorade in one hand and a cool, ruby bottle in the other, we see the *Rex* or the *Conte di Savoia* or a cruise ship plowing westerly for New York, standing well in to give the first-class customers a gander at the monks' old fortress, the snow-peaks and the sawtooth Estérel; and we think to ourselves what barbarians these cultured and sophisticated globe-trotters (see any travel advertisement, including many from this very pen) would call us, if they knew we were drinking red wine with—fish!

Thinking of it, we laugh; and laughing, we crack another bottle; and still laughing, we laugh some more.

## CHAPTER XI

### Garglings of a Garrulous Goggler

"The wise diver will refrain from written descriptions of his experiences."

Dr. William C. Beebe

"Full fathoms five my father lies." . . .

Shakespeare

When I had written about half of this book, I received a letter from Mr. Otis Hulet, President of the Burlington Liars' Club, informing me of my election to Honorary Membership in that august organization. The Burlington Liars' Club, as the whole world knows, is dedicated to the worthy object of fostering bigger and better lies, and so deserves the support of all right-thinking men; still, I would like to point out that my elevation to this dignity occurred some time before the present work was published, and cannot, therefore, be taken as a recognition of anything set forth herein.

But strange things happen on and under the water—so strange, indeed, that even to mention them to the land-bound or the goggle-less profane is to court the title of liar. I have often heard fish conversing in grunts like pigs, and listened



Figs. 32 & 33—The Fernez Diving Respirator is a simple and handy gear supplied with air by a pump on the surface. It is worn with a nose clip and the standard Fernez goggles.

to a clicking as of fifty telegraph keys in flat, calm water when there were no pebbles, weeds or any visible cause. I have met fish supposed not to exist within miles of where I saw them, and seen others which I was politely but authoritatively told did not exist at all. And so I am a liar.

Mr. Owen O'Connor met three whales sleeping on the surface off St. Tropez; he worked up so close to them that if he'd only remembered to wind his camera, he'd have had the most remarkable set of pictures since those of Ruth Snyder sizzling in the Sing Sing hot-seat. As it was, he came ashore with the story but no pictures at all, and was promptly branded as a liar. Everybody knew it was impossible for whales to get into the Mediterranean through the Strait of Gibraltar, and when he pointed out that the whole British fleet and millions of tons of merchant shipping manage it all the time, they said yes, yes, but whales are different. . . .

But just after this, fortunately for Mr. O'Connor's reputation for probity, a whale—undoubtedly one of the very three he'd seen—barged into La Spezia, an Italian naval base about 150 miles East of St. Tropez. Apparently he was on urgent business, for he steamed right in between two stone jetties, rang off his engines, and stopped. The space was too narrow for him to turn around and swim out again, and as whales have no reversing gear, there he was. The Italian naval people needed the docking space but couldn't persuade the whale to evacuate it; they were minded to try an eighteen-pounder or a depth charge on him, but then, remembering what a bed of roses a dead whale becomes in August, they thought better of it. They phoned the Minister of Marine (Signor Mussolini) for instructions. Signor Mussolini at once consulted the Minister of Fisheries (Signor Mussolini) who referred the matter to Signor Mussolini, Minister of Engineering and Public Works. His solution of the problem, approved by Premier Mussolini himself, was that a line be passed around the cachalot's tail, that he then be towed behind a tug into deep water, and there released with a warning. This was accomplished, though not without difficulty. When last seen, the whale, who gave his name as B. Mussolini and his age as 312, was heading for pastures new. Through some curious slip-up, which was later the subject of investigation by a Naval Court of Inquiry, the tug was commanded by a warrant-officer named Pepe Buttafocchi.

Once, hoping to snare my fellow-gogglers into a sure-thing bet and give them a good, old-fashioned rooking, I remarked that I knew where to find some fish that could climb up and down the masts of a ship. Although the assembled sportsmen had no hesitancy in calling me a liar, none of them would show the color of his money, and they finally horsed me into exposing my game for nothing. I took them to a place called La Galère where, under the water at the foot of the cliffs, lies the wreck

of the tramp ship *St. Elme*. The *St. Elme* had piled up there a couple of years before, under circumstances so peculiar that some day I shall write the full story of them; anyhow, there she was, dark and shadowy and ghostly, six or seven fathoms below us. And there, sure enough, were tens and scores of big, fat mullets, swimming up and down the stumps of her mast, nibbling the weeds, just as I'd been so eager to bet that they would be doing.

Cheated out of my chance to cheat my friends, I was not consoled by the number of fish that were fooling around on the wreck, nor even by the grand spectacle of the wreck itself. If you ever have an opportunity to dive down to the corpse of a ship, don't miss it. It is a strange and fearsome experience. I don't know why it should be strange, because it is exactly as you imagine; I cannot say just why it should be fearsome but—it is! You feel very small beside the great steel bulk. You expect nameless Things to crawl out of its gaping hatches—and sometimes, by Gosh, they do! And the water all around is cold—icy cold. . . .

As I swam above the *St. Elme* that day, thinking of the money I should have won, the melancholy sight of her coincided with my mood. But suddenly, lying on the bottom in the shadow of her starboard side, I saw that which made my heart jump. It was a copper diving helmet—a Siebe-Gorman or a Zan-nonni, by the look of it—scoured bright from chafing on the sand—apparently in good condition and therefore worth a tidy packet. This was strange. I'd never heard of an attempt to inspect or salvage the *St. Elme*, but, as I say, there were some very peculiar points in connection with her loss, and many had been the theories whispered concerning it. And now, it seemed, there had been divers at work on her. And—there had been foul play!

I wondered if the diver's head was still inside the helmet. Adding the value of his gold fillings to the price of the apparatus itself, I realized that here was something well worth going down for!

I blew out my air. Sinking feet first as far as I could, I tilted heels-over-head and swam down and down and down. It was deep. It was dark. It was cold. The pressure stabbed my ears, jammed my goggles into my face and gouged at my eyes. It was a rotten business.

I was about to quit and shoot up when I seemed to hear a familiar voice saying, "Foolish, ye scut, stick to it!—It's worth twunty quid, e'en without his denistry!"

Encouraged, I forced my way for a few feet more. But I couldn't go any deeper; no, not an inch. I reached down with my harpoon, drove the head of it through the helmet's face plate and hooked the bark inside the rim.

I started up, but my burden was heavy and my progress slow. My lungs were bursting. "Weel, dinna bellyache about the weight—it means his head's inside it!" growled the voice, admonishingly.

Just as I reached the surface everything went black. Mr. O'Connor, happening along, helped me swim to the rocks.

Well, it wasn't a diver's helmet at all. It was the binnacle cowl of the *St. Elme*, with the compass inside it. And that compass, although it had been knocking around down there in the water for almost two years, was working as smoothly and accurately as the day it left the factory.

I know this is a tough one to believe, but Fig. 34 tells the story. The pocket compass near the big one shows that they both agree which way north is. The *St. Elme's* compass is now on my desk as an ashtray; it is big, heavy, and a great nuisance to clean, but just the same . . . Well, I don't know about you, but this is the sort of thing I get a hell of a kick out of!

Commandant Le Prieur made a really worthwhile find when strolling in his diving suit on the bottom, off *St. Raphael*.



Fig. 34—Here are the binnacle cowl and compass brought up from the wreck of the *S. S. St. Elme*, compass still in working order, and doesn't the cowl look like a diving helmet?

This is a beautiful Grecian pottery urn, about four feet high; it is in perfect condition, with not a single chip knocked out of it. Mr. Roy Campbell, diving near Fos, some miles west of Marseilles, brought up two similar amphorae from the ruins of an ancient Greek village.

Spurred on by these discoveries, we thought we'd conduct a real submarine treasure hunt of our own. Just across the bay from my house is the *Ile Ste. Marguerite* and the fort in which "The Man in the Iron Mask" (whose name was Mattoili) was long held prisoner. The construction of this fort was begun at the orders of Cardinal Richelieu, but before it was finished the Spaniards captured it. Subsequently, the place has been held by the Austrians, the Piedmontese, the English, and, of course, the French. Well, it occurred to us that in over 300 years of storm and strife, a good bit of interesting and valuable stuff must have been dropped, shot and thrown into the water below the north rampart, which crowns a ninety-foot vertical cliff. There were certain to be cannon balls and likely to be cannon, and a good antique bronze cannon with dolphins, engraving, and the usual "Ultima Ratio Regum" cast in front of the touch-hole is worth anything from \$1000 up to whatever you can get an American collector to pay for it. We hoped there would be swords, daggers, morions, corselets, halberds, and even a chest or two of Spanish doubloons and broad Louis d'or. But most of all, we hoped there'd be the silver dinner plates upon which The Man in the Iron Mask scratched his S.O.S. appeals and threw them from his cell window to fishermen. These, we told ourselves gloatingly, these would be ashtrays for anybody's desk! Even if they turned out to be only pewter, we'd still be satisfied.



A committee of us visited the cell which The Iron Mask had occupied, and from the window took compass and land bearings defining the area into which plates (silver, pewter, china or even the paper variety which customarily sustains a custard pie) could have possibly be dropped, thrown, hurled or sealed by a hypothetical arm, X, the projectile power of which we represented by Y. When we got this far, however, we ran out of mathematics, so we decided to throw some stones out of the window and determine the maximum range by empirical methods. We then observed that the bars on the cell windows were so close together that it would have been impossible for the Iron Mask, Dizzy Dean or anybody else to throw a dinner plate between them; in fact, a careful measurement established the distance as being 5.3 centimetres, or approximately the diameter of a boarding-house butter dish. We could not imagine how the Iron Mask could have written much more than a Western Union Mother's Day Greeting on a utensil of this size, but anyway, after some slight damage to the cell, we finally managed to chuck a rock between the bars, and found that it fell into the water about 60 meters from the base of the rampart.

Before dawn next morning, we were out there in our boat. We sprinkled a pint of olive oil on the gently-rippling water and lo, the ripples disappeared and we were floating in the center of a quarter-mile expanse as slick as a sheet of plate glass. We spat into our goggles, slipped over the side, and began our hunt for the famous Lost Messages of the Man in the Iron Mask. . . .

There were seven of us engaged in the quest; we spread out and swam on carefully pre-determined courses. We swam for an hour; for two hours; for three. The sun climbed high into the heavens. After I had been swimming for something over four hours, had dived thirty times to depths of from twenty to forty feet and had located nothing more

valuable than three truck tires, a rusty iron bedstead and a porcelain vessel of useful design which perhaps had served beneath it, I said shucks with it all and headed back for the boat. I met three other fatigued and blue-green goggles bound in the same direction. And one by one, with many a groan, the clan came trooping in.

Drying off, gulping hot Bovril from our vacuum flasks and gloomily comparing notes, we learned that in addition to my own discoveries, our treasure-find amounted to one three-bladed propeller (two blades broken); three anchors; one sea-boot (heel missing); and one burlap sack (contents, three rocks and one cat. Rocks, serviceable. Cat, putrid). The message plates of The Iron Mask just simply weren't there. Of cannon balls, bronze cannons, swords, daggers, morions, corselets, halberds, Spanish Doubloons and broad Louis d'or we had found not a trace.

Well, sir, we had never encountered such a thundering swindle. As we sat there shivering in the boat we thought of Cardinal Richelieu, of the Spaniards, of the Austrians, of the Piedmontese, of the English and of the French; and we spoke our minds about them. — In that fort for three hundred years without leaving a single relic behind them! Faugh! You'd never believe that so many people could be so rotten cheap!

But after we'd talked it over a little, we didn't feel so bad. Man, we reflected, has polluted the rivers, destroyed the forests, pitted the fields with high explosives, obscured the sun with fumes of industry, filled the heavens with the tumult of planes and reared hundred-story buildings as monuments to his folly. But nothing he has ever done has spoiled the bottom of the sea, nor will anything he can ever do leave a lasting trace upon it. — At least, we hoped not.

(But just the same, if I were you, I'd get a pair of goggles and see it while the seeing's good!)

THE END

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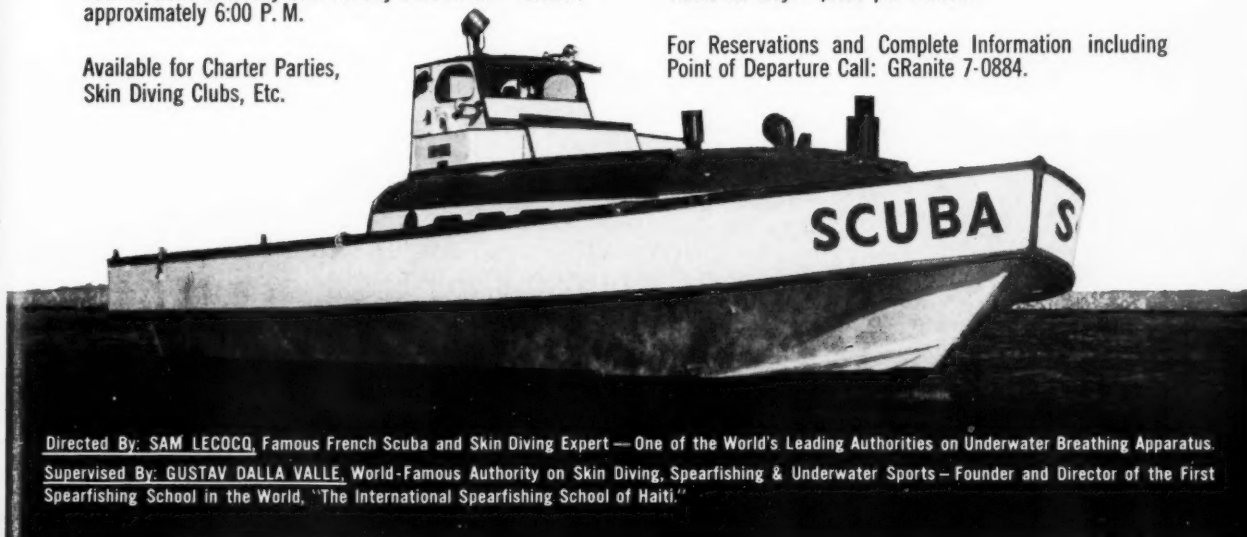
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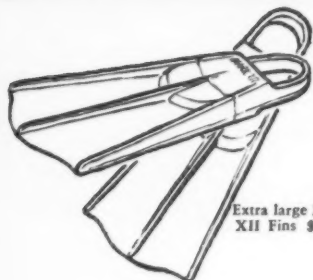
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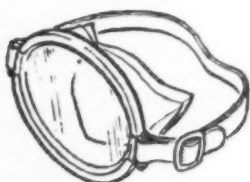
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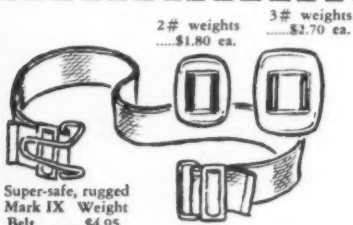
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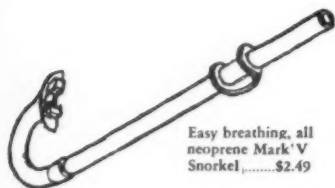
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# NATIONAL UNDERWATER SPEARFISHING CHAMPIONSHIPS

Submitted by **SERGE A. BIRN**

*Chairman, Underwater Spearfishing Association*

Northeast Council of Skin Diving Clubs is sponsoring Seventh Annual National Championship under sanction of the A.A.U., August 19, 1956.

Championship trials and Association finals are being arranged in the following areas of the U.S. by A.A.U. Underwater Spearfishing Chairmen Harold Aycock, Florida Association; Robert Alba, Southern Association (Louisiana); Phillip Sandlin, Carolinas Association; Gene Vezzani, Georgia Association, with the cooperation of the new Georgia State Skin Divers Association; Dr. Jerome Schweitzer, Metropolitan Association, with the cooperation of the East Coast Underwater Spearfishing Association; Mike Cocharo, New Jersey Association; James Gardner, New England Association, with the cooperation of the Northeastern Council of Skin Diving Clubs; Mrs. Jean White, Michigan Association; Joe Vogel, Indiana Association, with the cooperation of the Great Lakes Council of Skin Diving Clubs; Thomas Simpson, Southwest Pacific Border Association, with the cooperation of the San Diego Divers Council; Pat O'Malley, Southern Pacific Association; Dave Campbell, Central California & Pacific Conference Association, with the cooperation of the Central California Skin Diving Council; J. Carnahan, Central Association.

## NEW YORK BLACKFISH

Nineteen fifty-five national champion team defending the title is the New York Blackfish, composed of Ted Levchenko, Ken Simpson and Frank Stock. They will compete against five champion teams from the following areas: East Coast, West Coast, Gulf Coast, Great Lakes and Central.

What are the chances of the New York Blackfish team again winning the national championship?

1. They are on their own home grounds where they have in two consecutive years won the East Coast Underwater Spearfishing Championships. Of course we know by now that this does not make any difference because Ted Levchenko, Ken Simpson and Frank Stock won the 1955 Nationals in California's backyard. However, they now have the psychological advantage. The East has beaten the West on the West's home grounds.

2. They have been training the full year in Florida and should be in top physical condition.

3. They have learned the not too simple basis of competitive underwater spearfishing—and this requires an explanation.

Most skin divers cannot get the idea of big fish out of their minds. A big fish would be the equivalent of a contestant getting a point in basketball with a subsequent point obtained from a free shot. There is some added incentive but the truth of the matter is that only once in several years is a large fish taken. The largest at the 1955 Nationals was a seven pounder. The largest at the '53 Nationals was less than seven pounds and at all National Championships prior to 1953 the largest was 11 pounds. In Florida the largest was a 34 pounder. With a standard size fish of 1/2 to 20 pounds any element of luck would be nearly eliminated.

Underwater spearfishing is mainly stamina, skill, endurance, training, condition and then experience and equipment.

## NATIONAL CONVENTION

The National A.A.U. Convention will be held in Los Angeles, California from November 31st to December 4, 1956. This is the opportunity for the many skin diving clubs in Southern California to get a first-hand look at the inside workings of the organization that controls amateur athletics in the United States. There will be several underwater spearfishing sessions at which all phases of our sport will be discussed by representatives from all areas of the U.S. Have your delegate present and attend in person for these meetings will control the future of your sport. Conservation is scheduled for discussion.

# UNDERWATER JAMBOREE

MARATHON FLORIDA  
JULY 22 TO JULY 29,  
1956 INCLUSIVE

Promoted by Florida Association A.A.U. Underwater Spearfishing Committee and the Florida Skin Divers Association.

## First Major Event

July 22nd (Sunday). Florida Association A.A.U. Championships. Restricted to teams belonging to the Florida Association. Championship Meet, A.A.U. Championship medals to winning team, winner of largest fish caught and the greatest aggregate weight by the individual. Second and third place team awards. Every A.A.U. Club in Florida Association eligible to enter a team.

## Second Major Event

July 25th (Wednesday). A.A.U. Open Tournament. Open to A.A.U. registered amateurs from anywhere in the United

States. Also, open to organized teams in the armed forces. Armed forces teams must furnish certification from their C.O.'s that they are Amateurs. This will not be a championship meet. However, all records will be recognized and go in permanent records of the A.A.U. Appropriate awards will be made for the same events outlined in "First Major Event".

A.A.U. Ship Based rules will apply to the above tournaments.

A.A.U. officials will be in charge of these tournaments.

## Third Major Event

July 29th (Sunday). This is a professional contest which will be under the direction of officers of the Florida Skin Divers Association. For information on eligibility, etc. write to Walter R. Lohmann, President, Florida Skin Divers Association, 1575 N.W. 128th Street, Miami, Florida.

## General Information

All these contests are sponsored by the Marathon Chamber of Commerce.

Skiff rentals \$3 to \$5 per day. Motors around \$5 per day. Those who have boats and motors should bring them. This will make possible exploring nearby reefs where no boat liveries are to be found.

Motel rentals for a couple, per day, run from \$4 to \$8. Housekeeping facilities fall within these rates. Trailer parks and camping places are available.

Hundreds are expected to attend. Reservations are already being made. A special list of motels, rates, facilities is prepared by the Marathon Chamber of Commerce. Write them for this list and make your reservations directly to the manager of the place of your choice. Mention you are a skin diver.

All tournaments will take place in the warm clear tropical waters on the outside reefs from 8:00 AM to 12:00 Noon.

During the entire week there will be continuous activities which will include, dancing, bull sessions, fish fries, exploring for old wrecks, treasure hunts, motor trips to Key West and other interesting places on the Keys.

3-man teams who wish to enter the "Second Major Event" should write to Harold J. Aycock, Chairman, Underwater Spearfishing, Florida Association A.A.U., 437 Monroe Drive, West Palm Beach for entry forms and other information.

The Bartelt Brothers, Seahorse Motel, Marathon, Florida, have been designated by the Chamber of Commerce to represent them.

## EAST COAST CHAMPIONSHIPS

The East Coast Spearfishing Championships sponsored by the Long Island Dolphins, sanctioned by the East Coast Underwater Spearfishing Association and the American Athletic Union, will be held at Watch Hill, Rhode Island, on July 8, 1956. Preliminary to the championship meet, four sectional eliminations will be held on July 1st, 1956, by sponsoring clubs in their respective areas.

### These are:

Upper New England . . . Worcester Frogmen, % Zig Surawski, 1 Pine Acre Drive, Oxford, Mass. The meet being held at Gloucester, Mass.

Lower New England . . . Rhode Island Underwater Spearfishing Club, % Jim Hoey, 98 Evergreen St., Providence, Rhode Island. Meet to be held at Stonington, Conn.

Metropolitan New York and Long Island . . . Suffolk Underwater Club, % William Nyman, P.O. Box 132, Huntington Station, Long Island, to be held at Montauk Point, Long Island.

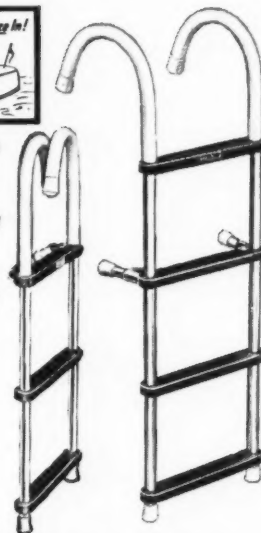
New Jersey and South area . . . Delaware Underwater Swim Club, % Agricultural Chemical Laboratory, Hercules Powder Co., Wilmington, Delaware, to be held at a location, which as of this date has not yet been chosen.

As of May 1st, 41 club teams were officially entered, however, future entries will be accepted up to and including June 20th by clubs in existence three months prior to application. Write East Coast Underwater Spearfishing Association, Post Office Box 165, Flushing, L.I., New York, or direct to the elimination sponsoring club in your locality.



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**Joan & Jim Stewart visit . . .**

# CATALINA

We had been married for two whole years last summer and I doubt if Jim had missed a weekend in the ocean in that time. Me — well, I either sat in the car, on a beach, explored tide pools, or stayed home feeling sorry for myself. Don't think I really begrudged Jim his

fun, but I kept waiting for a combination of warm water, surf I could handle, and a chance to try skin diving, and as I say, two years had passed!

My first experience was all I had ever hoped for. Jim, with my encouragement, and four diving friends chartered Johnny Logan's boat for \$125.00 for a weekend (two full days) and 'invited' him to take us all to Catalina. This boat slept all of us and it was an easy, quick trip over. Once there, I lost all track of time; the hours went by so quickly! There was a sailing dinghy to explore with, and I had an unbelievably wonderful day. The water was clear and warm, and the fish and the rock formations were just like the pictures Jim has showed me. One of the nicest things was that Jim and his friends were free to enjoy themselves. That evening we broiled steaks on the after-deck as we sailed up to the Isthmus. Never has dinner tasted so good! After dinner we took the small boat ashore and explored the night life of the island. We watched the dancing "under the stars" at the Isthmus for awhile, then the fellows decided it was too lovely an evening to waste on land — night diving was what they had in mind.

Sunday was just as beautiful, just as warm, and we started back to San Pedro just in time to make it by dark. I'll always be grateful to Johnny for that weekend; it was worth a hundred times the expense for both of us. I'm a much more understanding wife this year about Jim's reluctance to ever stay home, and already I am impatient for next summer, because I hope to make the trip an annual affair! — Joan Stewart

P.S. I might add just a word or two to this picture from a husband's point of view, as well as that of a diver. We tied up at the Isthmus in order to be close to "Ship Rock" and the white sea bass, as well as to the shallow shore waters where our wives could be shown what the diver sees and tries to describe, but never can quite put into words. They all got some of the feeling of excitement and expectation that the majority of us get when we hit the water. A good divable dinghy aboard and complete mobility of the mother ship is a combination hard to beat for a full diving schedule. With the white sea bass in, the big blacks there, it is just a matter of picking the spot. And, in addition, with Johnny Logan aboard as skipper and diving companion, we had the experience and know-how that helps bring home the meat.

So I guess it's just a matter of time until our wives drag us out for another Catalina holiday. — Jim Stewart

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 sional, Voit Masks,  
 Champion, Hurricane.



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## California Legislators Go Underwater

By HOMER J. LOCKWOOD

At the invitation of the California Council of Diving Clubs some of California's more adventuresome assemblymen made a trip to Catalina Island to try the sport of skin diving first hand.

Through the courtesy of the Pacific Moulded Products Company, their 72 foot yacht PACMO was made available for the days cruise to the beautiful water and submarine gardens of Emerald Bay. Accompanied by officers and members of the Council, six assemblymen, Allen Miller, Tom Rees, Charles Wilson, Seth Johnson, Lester McMillan, Bill Grant, and Fish and Game Commissioner Andy Kelly made the trip. Donning rubber suits, masks, flippers and snorkels they ventured underwater for the first time.

The purpose of the affair was to give these legislators authentic information about skin divers and their needs. The problems faced by California divers regarding water pollution and public access to our beaches were thoroughly gone over in bull sessions on the two hour run each way, and these talks plus the hours in the water gave the assemblymen a good understanding of our sport.

(L. to R.) Andy Kelly, Fish and Game Commissioner, Bill Grant, Assemblyman, Bill Barada, California Council of Diving Clubs and Seth Johnson, Assemblyman; discuss the problem of beach access while en route to Catalina Island aboard the 72 foot yacht PACMO. Photo by Homer Lockwood.



Catamaran, "Biscayne Maid" operating out of Miami, Florida. The "Maid" makes three all day trips a week to the reef. Will carry 20 skin divers with full gear. For further details write: Florida Frogman, Kendall, Florida. Photo by Kurt Severin.



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Jerry and Richard Barber, 16  
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Los Angeles Neptunes  
Scoot at Catalina  
By BYRD BAKER

Offshore Catalina Island, on a beautiful Sunday, we had the pleasure of hunting in and marvelling at the beauty of God's underwater Kingdom, with also the added attraction of testing the feasibility of the Lepel water scooter, as a means of transportation for the skin and Scuba diver.

With one diver acting as the driver of the Lepel water scooter, we found one was able to pull at a speed of four knots, an innertube and two Scuba divers.

With one diver on the scooter, it becomes highly maneuverable, as it turns in its own length.

When boarding one has to be aware of his balance until he is seated; then the stability of the scooter is fine. The full weight including inboard engine is 65 pounds. It is equipped with a proper harness.

Due to the light weight of this craft, one could scale the cliffs that stand as barriers to the coastline here in California.

I felt as if I had been living high off the hog that Sunday. I had been down Scuba diving, came up tired, was out of air, and some distance from the boat. All I did was wave my hand, and they sent the scooter out and towed me back to the boat. No tiring, kicking back that time.

The size of this craft will support a diver up to 220 pounds if he wishes to ride the scooter; however, it will pull any size diver. The manufacturer, at present, is manufacturing a larger craft for the big boy!

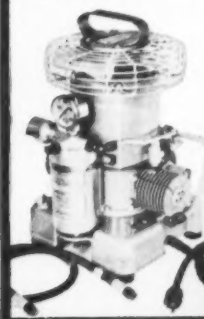
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*Into the Pacific near Midway, a member of the Koral Kings plunges in search of the big Ulua. Submitted by Honolulu Gun & Instrument Co.*

## MUIR BEACH

By DON KNUDSEN

Muir Beach is a very good spot for the skin divers around the Contra Costa, Marin County, San Francisco, and Vallejo area who do not like to travel far for some fair diving.

Muir Beach is located nine miles below Stinson Beach and is protected from the rough water by a cove approximately one mile wide. On good day's there are no waves at all, and the visibility is as good as fifteen feet. There are no currents or undertow to worry about.

The worst I have seen it, is about three feet or to the end of my spear gun; of course the water was churned up terrifically from a wind which had been blowing for several days.

The most usual fish to be speared are perch and an occasional sand shark; also there are hundreds of crabs.

If you skin dive from the right side of the cove, you will find that there are several very small coves within the right side of the cliff.

Approximately one hundred yards from the shore and to the right of the cove, there is a very large rock that projects out of the water and is very good for your larger fish. Your water is a little rougher and you have poorer visibility, but that is easily overcome by diving close to the bottom.

The best months for Muir Beach are the last of August to November and sometimes December, as usual for the fog free weather. >>>



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California . . .

## DAVEY JONES RAIDERS, INC.

By Di Carlo

Crashing the coral barrier off Catalina, the Raiders, undaunted, dared the cold water and cool weather to find few fish and a good catch of abalone.

Returning from the island, Raider Allan captured a good-sized shark, which was dutifully recorded on film by the Raiders motion picture squad. All of our films would be shown gladly, at your club's meetings.

Postponement of the Raiders' Third Annual Dance was necessary due to all of our funds going into remodeling and reconditioning our 36-foot diving boat, "The Raider."

Summer plans are looking up with new members coming in . . . and the Mazatlan trip coming up. We should have a good report next time on the Mexican trip . . . and trips that are being planned for warmer days. >

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48—JUNE—SKIN DIVER

## Wisconsin Council of Diving Clubs

By RICHARD C. BOWEN

Sunday, April 8, 1956 a meeting was held in Madison, Wisconsin in order to form an affiliation of the diving clubs in Wisconsin.

Seven clubs were present: The Lakeland Divers, the Kenosha Gillmen, the Milwaukee Aqua Club, the Aqua Tourists, the Aquatic Badgers, the Mid-West Amphibians, and the Madison Diving Club. It was disappointing to note that there were no clubs from the northern part of the state. All of the clubs represented were from the south and central part of Wisconsin; Milwaukee having three clubs at the meeting.

It was decided to form an informal group to meet when the need arises. The Council is headed by a committee. The members of the committee are Fred Roberts, George Wilson, and Richard Bowen. The committee can be reached at 1523 W. State St., Milwaukee.

The Wisconsin Council plans to follow, aid and work with the Great Lakes Council of Skin Diving Clubs. The Wisconsin Council was formed to handle problems within the state and to have an organization ready when needed. >

## CARIBBEAN

(Continued from Page 23)

quite a bit of night life. I didn't go diving there because the divers on the island said that they had never seen much more than a few barracuda.

Antigua is further north and is the threshold of American influence. To illustrate what I mean, the prices of the best hotels are: Grenada \$5 room and board, Antigua \$10 room and board and Puerto Rico \$10 room only. I dived all over the island of Antigua and the only clear water I found was a little bay just west of English Harbor. The bottom slopes too gradually to be good except off the southern end of the island.

The other islands I know just by reputation. They say that Barbuda to the north of Antigua is primitive and very good diving. They say that six feet off shore it's deep water with lots of fish, but there is no hotel. The French islands are supposed to be heavily-fished as are all of the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico. Commercial divers (who spear fish commercially for sale) are said to work St. Vincent and St. Lucia.

So that's it. If you have the time, I can't imagine a better place for a diving trip. They speak English, it's cheap, the diving is unsurpassed and there are lots of interesting things to do when you're not diving. I only hope you have as good a time as I had. >



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New York...

## SYRACUSE AQUA-KINGS

By Bernard Frank

The Syracuse Aqua-Kings is rapidly acquiring a reputation for excellence in the underwater recovery of bodies. After locating one jet-pilot who had crashed in Onondaga Lake, the members were again called out to look for another jet pilot who had crashed in Skaneateles Lake, but adverse conditions prevented them from being successful as of this writing, but they are to try again. The plane is believed to be in over 180 feet of water, with the water temperature running 38 degrees Fahrenheit, and limited visibility.

Meetings have been spiced through the cold weather with movies, lectures, and discussion of new equipment being constructed. The local Red Cross chapter aided by supplying an instructor for the demonstration of artificial respiration. A combination dinner and dance was held last winter, at which the new officers were installed.

California...

## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SKIN DIVING CLUB

By W. L. Hughes

Our monthly outing was held at Point Dume, on Sunday, April 15. We got into the water one and one half hours late, due to a flat tire and blow out. The air temperature was 70 degrees, and we found the water 57 degrees. Visibility

was 30 feet. This was our first year that all members wore rubber suits. Only one member wore a dry suit; the rest of us wore wet suits. We remember that four years ago, not one man wore a suit in the club. Most of our catch weighed two pounds apiece, with only a few weighing five pounds.

Jim Perry says that for the last four months he has dived in scuba style only, but that did not hurt his style, as he came in top man with 29 pounds of fish. Bob Hartle was the runner-up; the rest of us had a fair catch, but we all got fish.

New Jersey...

## UNDERWATER FISHERMEN OF NEW JERSEY

By B. Bruno

The Underwater Fishermen of New Jersey held their Monthly meeting at the Asbury Park Y. M. C. A. on April 21, 1956. We decided to join the New Jersey Council of Skin Divers.

Cal Smith, treasurer, reported that ninety members had paid their dues to date.

Howard Rowland, president, conducted the third lesson on underwater rescue and safety. A few members have been in the water, however, it is still about forty degrees.

A Star Fish Mop up is planned in the near future with Mike Kassariy in charge.

Kentucky...

## "MERMEN OF KENTUCKY"

By Estill Lyons

The Y. M. C. A. swimming pool, has been very helpful thru the long winter months, but now with warm weather we are moving to the outdoors. Each weekend we plan a trip to some local lake, camping out, boating, and spear-fishing. We made an underwater sled for \$1.00. We used marine plywood 6 feet long by 2½ feet wide. It resembles an aqua plane and can be used for one. By inserting and reversing a "U" shaped elevator into place on the rear of the board, reversing the pull on the rope, you submerge, by shifting your weight you control the sled to right or left. Works best at slow speeds.

Arizona...

## DESERT DOLPHINS

By Toni Popovits

We found an inviting spot in the Salt River below Canyon Lake (about one hour's drive from Phoenix) and were eager to go exploring. Although the air temperature was in the 80's the water was plenty cold and our rubber suits sure felt comfortable.

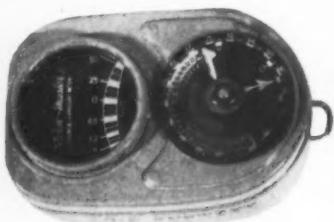
At this spot the River makes a wide turn, the current sweeping along takes the shortest route, leaving the wide curve of the turn a quiet, clear pool with a small rocky cliff as a background. Visibility was about 15 feet and the depth there around 30 feet. Needless to say, it was most enjoyable.



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SEND FOR CATALOG

Illinois . . .

## THE BUBBLERS

By Jim Altounian

Despite Chicago's inclement weather, we have met regularly every other week in the Y. M. C. A. pool, with regular instruction periods along with an organized certification program, where all our members are classified according to their progress.

Recently we gave a Scuba diving demonstration at the North College water show. The highlight was the filling of balloons under water with helium. »

New York . . .

## THE ROCHESTER SPORT DIVERS

By Roy Thurston

At the last business meeting of the Rochester Sport Divers we decided our next project would be the purchase of club jackets and emblems for the members. Club secretary, Morley Turpin, gave a very interesting talk on Boyle's Law and the dangers of air embolism. Another member, Bob Sanger, showed and narrated color slides which he recently took in Florida.

Television viewers here in Rochester were recently privileged to see, on WHAM-TV University Commentary, a telephone panel discussion on the procedures and problems involved in skin diving. Over ninety questions were phoned in but the panel had time to answer only ten in the thirty minutes of air time. The panel consisted of Dr. Herman Rahn, Dr. Franklin Brayer, and Mr. Dwight Gardiner. »

Louisiana . . .

## ARK-LA-TEX DIVERS

By Mildred Pou

At our annual meeting we elected 1956 officers as follows:

John Holmes, President; T. C. Smith, Vice-President, Bob Sutton, Treasurer; Mildred Pou, Secretary; Joe Colfield, Director. The club had Roland Riviere, Jr. of Dixie Divers, New Orleans, as main speaker at membership recruiting rally. He showed some great underwater Gulf of Mexico movies, color and black and white, and discussed new diving equipment available this year. The club's embroidered swimsuit emblems finally arrived and are being issued to diver members as they pass their qualifying tests. We are continuing to emphasize water safety in preparation for the coming season. »

Florida . . .

## APALACHEE AQUA CLUB

By Ed Miller

May started the spearfishing season in North Florida—with grouper, sheepshead, and king mackerel coming out of the deep water, in close.

The Apalachee Aqua Club of Tallahassee is fortunate in being only 15 miles from one of the truly, great spearfishing areas of the world!

The bottom consists of rock formations found in 15 to 30 feet of water, usually clear and warm during the season of May to September. Most divers do not use lungs in this depth, but prefer to use them out further offshore in 60 to 70 feet of water where the area fished is huge piles of rock, honey-combed with caves and covered with sponge, coral and other marine growth. »

Canada . . .

## VANCOUVER SKIN DIVERS

By Jim Willis

We made a trip to Cultus Lake for the purpose of getting some underwater pictures for use in underwater camera distribution, in town here. In checking, we found the water temperature was 40 degrees with a visibility of five feet. Though it was muddy, the pictures did not turn out too badly. These were the first underwater pictures ever taken of skin divers up here. We are planning a trip to Vancouver Island in order to take underwater movies for the C.B.U.T., the local television station. We hope to be gone four days. »

Florida . . .

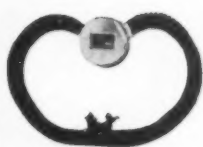
## THE CORAL CAVE MEN OF TREASURE ISLAND

By John Stephan

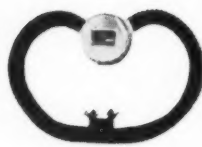
Hello from Florida! During April we haven't done too much. We had a few dives but the water has not cleared up yet. Next month, however we plan to really get out and go.

We have wonderful diving areas with plenty of fish to suit either the lung diver or the snorkel diver. The water is very warm here, so warm that we don't have to use suits. We never use suits, no matter what time of the year. »

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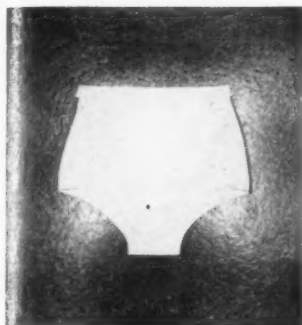
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Scotland . . .

## DUNDEE UNDERWATER EXPLORERS CLUB

By Roger M. Bruce

Water temperature right now is 40 to 46 degrees, with an air temp of 48 to 55, with fairly clear water visibility.

The President of the British Sub-Aqua Club, Mr. N. O. Gugen, gave us a very interesting lecture and showed us a film which included some taken by Hans Hass. About 150 attended the lecture and our club also gave a demonstration of all the swimming equipment used in the sport, which included the new dry rubber suit, which is secured by two special zip fasteners that are completely water tight.

At the beginning of the month eight members of the club went to the West Coast of Scotland, near Oban, where we camped. The only fish caught was a two pound halibut, due to the two day, constant rain. Allan Doyle shot it with a Polynesian type harpoon.

The secretary of the club and myself observed some of the undersea life in the form of seaweeds, worms, and anemones.

Maine . . .

## MAINE MARINE ALPINE CLUB

By Joe Gallant

Our membership includes many occupational and professional variations, which proves the "bug" can bite anyone. The experience variation is wide from the neophyte with mask and flippers; to the "ole sea dog" outfitted with Scuba and cold water equipment.

Monday night meeting is composed of a business session, safety talk or training film and completed with pool practice.

In less than a month of organizing we had our first sea test at Falmouth For-side. Although the local accumulated snow cover was 36 inches and the water temperature in the low 30's those who "scuba'd" with insulated dry suits claimed "warm as toast" comfort.

Altho the club is in its infant stage we have a very ambitious schedule planned. Applicants for membership and visiting "Frogs" are cordially invited to sit in a meeting held at the Portland Y.M.C.A. Room A, Mondays 7:30 PM.

California . . .

## WESTERN SKIN DIVERS

By Tom Crossman

Each year we have our annual dinner party for presentation of trophies. In 1955 the fish trophy was won by Ross Barnard for his 37 pound Halibut. Lobster trophy went to Tom Crossman for a 14½ pound lobster.

The much envied "Diver of the Year" trophy was won by Spence Hanief for his combined catches of fish and lobster, as well as his contributions to the club. Most unusual catch went to Bob Zimmerman for two eels with one shot.

Bill Millington has just replaced Ed. Munstock as president. Many thanks go to Ed. for the fine work he has done this last year.

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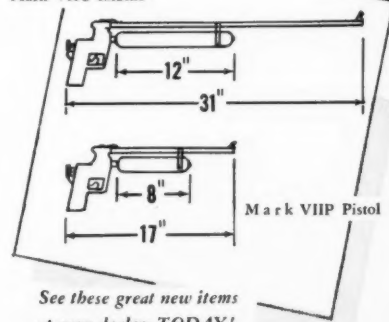


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Wisconsin . . .

## MILWAUKEE YMCA AQUATIC BADGERS

By Robert W. Mueller

Warm weather is here and we are looking forward to outdoor skin diving so that we may put into use some of the excellent instructions that we received during the winter months from Navy Recruiter Wilson (Bud) Bane.

With the belief that it is better for skin divers to recommend legislation pertaining to themselves, rather than have "outsiders" do it, representatives of various skin diving clubs took steps in Madison April 8th to organize a intra-state skin diving council. The adoption of a standard flag for skin diver's use, certification of fair stations, and the exchange of skin diving information are among our future program.

Some of our members, including our president Bob Hendricks has spoken to various Boy Scout groups about safety in Scuba diving.

All inquiries about our club may be addressed to our club at 633 N. 4th, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. ➤

California . . .

## Y HYDROPHILES OF LONG BEACH

By George Nuno

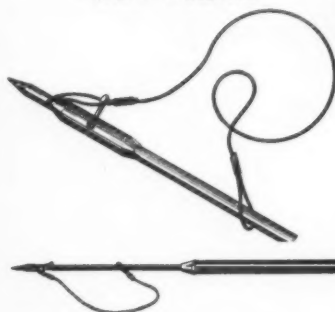
The Y Hydrophiles of Long Beach was formed after the completion of a Skin Diving and Scuba Class at the YMCA under the direction of Rory Page. Harry Vetter and Al Fish, Athletic Director of the Y.

Numerous trips were made this past winter to Catalina, Laguna, La Jolla, Palos Verdes, Calif. and Punta Banda, Mexico. Among the "catch" some interesting relics in the way of old anchors were brought from the briny deep of Catalina. Recently the wreck of an old boat was explored but we regret to report that the only prizes to be seen were a swarm of lobsters who were safely out of season. ➤

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New York . . .

### BUFFALO AQUA CLUB

By Henry Dinder

At the last membership meeting of the Buffalo Aqua Club, a committee had been formed to organize a Diving Council for the New York State area.

At this time three active diving clubs have been contacted and each club is in favor of participating in such a council.

We now are requesting from the "Skin Diver," a listing of names and addresses of diving clubs in the New York State area. The object of this request is to contact each club and request that they too become active participants in The Empire State Council of Skin Diving Clubs.

There are some undesirable restrictions which retard the sport of Scuba, and Skin Diving in most areas of New York, and only through a council of clubs will we have strength in voicing our desires in the legislative branches of New York State government. Write Buffalo Aqua Club, 4921 Abbott Rd., Orchard Park, N. Y. >

California . . .

### DORSALS

By Roger Ralston

Water Temperature: 63 degrees. Water Condition: Excellent—very clear. Air Temperature: high 60's.

The Dorsals Skin Diving Club of La Jolla was started last July in La Jolla and aboard the Aircraft Carrier USS Shangri-La. We have no written reports from the club members of the Shangri-La with the exception that their membership totals between 15 and 20 persons. Active members of the La Jolla group include Eric Wilmurt, Pete Graves, Harold Phair, Lea Lacy, and Roger Ralston. Prospective members are Dick Lyons, George Thorsell, and Bernie Lourito. We have just come out of winter hibernation and find the water very nice. Anyone interested in skin diving activities should get in touch with San Diego Divers Supply, AC. 2-7021, and leave their name and number. >

California . . .

### SEA HAWKS

By Ed Holbert

On February the 1st, 1956, the Sea Hawks Skin Diving Club came into being. Some of our divers have been very fruitful with the Long Beach Breakwater giving us some nice catches. On our trip to La Jolla a trophy was started. Tom Nickelsen now leads the contest.

We have two underwater cameras in the club with a pretty fair amount of shutter activity. We are hoping to acquire some good underwater shots. >

### ATTENTION DIVERS AND UNDERWATER PHOTOGRAPHERS

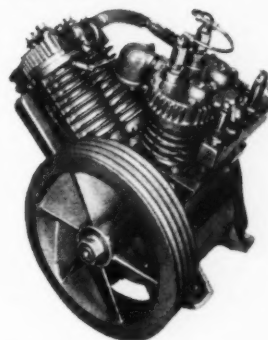
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Pennsylvania . . .

### MARINE EXPLORATION SOCIETY

By William D. Neuman

Sunday morning, April 22nd, was the first official club outing of the year. We visited an old stone quarry, north of Philadelphia.

There were ten in our party, six of us equipped for diving.

We all wore rubber suits, the water temp. being in the middle forties. I found the water fairly clear, with visibility of about 40 feet.

Veteran divers' Joe Thompson and Bob Darwin, of the Abington YMCA, claimed the quarry to be about 125 feet deep, or at least that's what their depth gauges reported.

Ed Welch, my diving partner, only reached the 15 fathom mark, while Gene Kohles, our safety director, and his buddy Denny Marra stayed in the shallows of the 40 ft. level.

The treasure of the day, a small shovel, was retrieved by Ed Welch. »

California . . .

### GOLDEN GATE AQUA KNIGHTS

By Robin Kinhead

With advent of warmer weather and the bursting of Spring flowers our boys are feeling the urge for more frequent and widespread diving. Several of the lads trekked with the doughty divers of the Loonie Goonies to Santa Barbara, to hunt for sunken destroyers. Water turned out a bit murky. No destroyers sighted. Our members are pretty adept ab nabbers by now, feeling a sporting urge to snag them in free dives at 25 to 30 feet in Carmel waters. We helped staff a skin diving exhibit at the San Francisco Boat Show, answering questions and at the same time lining up new membership material. Our ear clearing experiments with anti-histamine and nose drops hasn't shown any significant results yet. We have found skin diving isn't limited to your early twenties. One of our stalwarts is pushing 50 and is right in there with the rest. Those interested in membership can get in touch with us through Ronnie May, our president, Diamond 3-3731. »

California . . .

### MUIRMEN

By Frank Hops

On Sunday, May 4, we had an inter-club meet with the Pescadores. We limited the meet to two hours as we felt that would be a good test. After feeling the water, which had dropped about 6 degrees overnight, we were glad it was only two hours. The Muirmen won the meet with a total of 56 pounds of fish. The Pescadores had 37 pounds. Dick Jappe had high individual aggregate and also the largest fish. His 23 pound sheepshead topped all other entries and his total aggregate was 36½ pounds. Second highest man was Don Finley of the Pescadores with 15½ pounds. Jack Opperman was third with 13 pounds.

The location of the meet was Laguna, the beach was the same location where the 1st Pacific Coast Meet was held. »



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Massachusetts . . .

## MASSACHUSETTS AMPHIBS

By Joe Castelli

Diving in clear water can be enjoyed anywhere in Massachusetts except for around Boston Harbor, the upper part of Buzzards' Bay, and the south side of Cape Cod, which, except for a few isolated spots, although warm, is usually murky due to a sand bottom.

Game fish we have speared from off-shore diving include tautog, rock bass, blues, mackerel, shad and pollack. Less sporting fish such as flounder, fluke, sand shark, eel, skate, perch and angler fish have also been taken. Tautog appears to be about the best game fish, being quite abundant. These fish average 5 lbs. and grow to a maximum of 12 to 14 lbs.

The only salt water fish which is illegal to spear is the striped bass. This fish grows to over 50 lbs. and may be speared in Rhode Island.

Lobsters are plentiful in Massachusetts Bay from the Cape Cod Canal north. Unlike spiny lobsters, these lobsters of the genus Homarus have two large front claws, giving them a fighting chance, as many of us have learned from bruised fingers. Although Scuba is permitted for lobstering, lobsters must be taken by hand. Spearing is not allowed. Non-Mass. residents may obtain lobster licenses from June 1 to September 30.

The water temperature in Massachusetts Bay seldom goes above 65°. Diving may be done during July and August wearing just a bathing suit, but we have found a heavy sweater or long underwear works well as a wet suit for prolonged diving. If diving is to be done at depths greater than 30 feet a suit becomes a necessity.

Any skin diver who finds himself in Massachusetts at any time is welcome to give us a call. We would be more than glad to show visiting skin divers what Massachusetts has to offer. There are usually some of our members diving every weekend of the year. The telephone number in Boston is Andrew 5-5275.

Ohio . . .

## JUPITER SKIN DIVING CLUB

By Tim Koverman

In our last club dive we explored an old abandoned stone quarry, about ten miles south of Dayton, Ohio. It was one of those quarries that had more tall tales than fish. It was rumored that there was a train, a steam shovel, train tracks, and two old cars on the bottom. We were out to find what was really there.

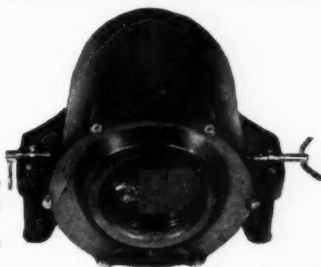
Since the water was cold only one man entered the water, with safety men on the shore. Tim Koverman was the diver and Bill Craft supervised the dive. After 45 minutes of diving one old car, a boat, and a toilet were located on the bottom.

When the water warms up the whole club will be going down. If every quarry and gravel pit contains near the amount of lure that this one does we will never run out of places to dive.

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Midway Island . . .

## KORAL KINGS

By Harold Arendt

(Submitted by Honolulu Gun & Instrument Co.  
for the Koral Kings of Midway)

Last September we had our first official club meeting, and the Koral Kings of Midway were born. Through the interest and support of our Commanding Officer, the club was granted permission to use one of the station boats for excursions, and to go outside the reef where the big fish are. An abandoned quonset hut with a nearby pier, became the Koral Kings Club House.

Today the majority of the Koral Kings have their own Scuba gear. Our equipment comes from Toys for Men of Honolulu and Fred Jones does a swell job of giving us fast delivery on our anxiously awaited gear.

A reef barrier surrounds the Island and every trip out is a new adventure. Fish are numerous — there are thousands of varieties ranging from the big Ulua down to the tiny Angel fish. Lobsters are plentiful, as are the sharks and all types of rays. One Koral King, Jim Jones, got a white sea bass which weighed close to a hundred pounds using an Arbalet with Cressi detachable head. He has the knack of getting the big ones as he also speared an 87 pound Ulua.

While the Koral Kings provides fun for its members it also renders a service to those on Midway. We have retrieved fishing poles which have been dropped from the piers, and cargo that was dropped over the side while ships were unloading.

Thanksgiving Day was exciting. A Navy Panther Jet ditched while some of the Koral Kings were diving. We raced to the scene of the crash, but a boat with a fishing party aboard was closer and picked up the pilot as we arrived. A marker was placed for the plane and the next day we assisted the Harbor Department with salvage operations. Here's the "Goney Bird Bugle", our station paper's report on the operation:

"The Harbor Department wishes to express its appreciation to the Koral Kings for their assistance during the recent salvage operation. When the carrier-based F-9F made an emergency water landing on Thanksgiving Day, the skin divers immediately offered their diving services. Salvage operations commenced the following morning and although it was cold and rough, the Koral Kings were eager to dive. Several methods were attempted before the aircraft was successfully raised and towed in to the sea wall Saturday afternoon where a crane hoisted it from the water. The Koral Kings turned from their recreational activities to more serious business of salvaging a sunken plane, revealing the value of this sport. Midway can be justly proud of the Koral Kings."

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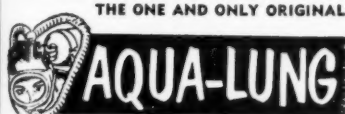
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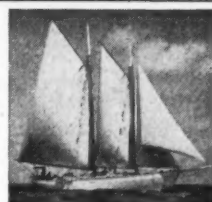
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